

The Sketch

No. 1091.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—ALL "SKETCH" READERS; AND WISH THEM A BERRY CHRISTMAS!

Photograph of Mr. W. H. Berry, of "The Marriage Market," at Daly's, by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



The First Christmas Card. My first Christmas card arrived about a fortnight ago. It had come all the way from Natal, and I desire to thank the senders thereof, who are quite unknown to me, for their kindly thought.

I am one of those old-fashioned people who like to receive Christmas cards. I put them all up on my mantelpiece, and count them with the pride of a schoolgirl. And I never cease to reproach myself because I have no cards to send in return. Every Christmas I take a solemn oath to have a nice Christmas card prepared in good time for the following Christmas, and then the Spring comes and passes, the Summer comes and passes, the Autumn comes and passes, and I remember, when it is too late, that I shall once again seem churlish and ungrateful. In reality, as I say, I am not ungrateful at all, and I take this opportunity—writing several days in advance of Christmas—of thanking all those good friends who have put me down on their list for a Christmas card.

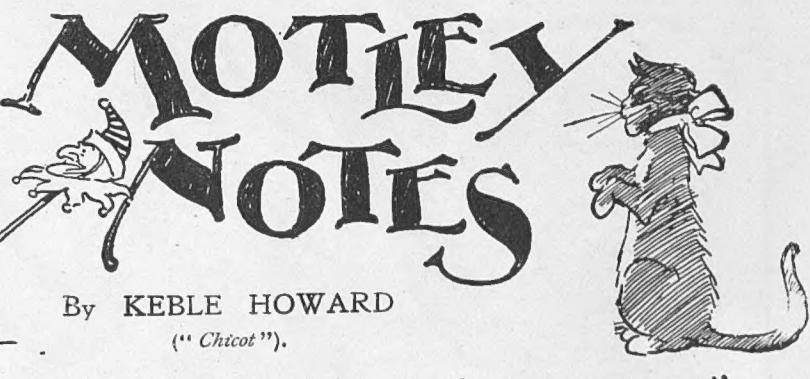
You often hear people say that they never know what to do with their Christmas cards after the season is over. They do not like to destroy them—indeed, other reasons apart, many of the cards produced nowadays are too beautiful to destroy. On the other hand, if they keep them, the chances are that they will seldom, if ever, look at them again. There are the hospitals, of course, but it is rumoured that the children in hospitals do not really care very much for second-hand Christmas cards.

A Suggestion. It would be a good plan, perhaps, if the portion of the card on which the name of the sender is printed or written were detachable without injury to the card. Then the nurses at the hospitals could write in the names of the children in their wards, and the card would have all the special value of a personal remembrance. But you should not keep your cards too long if you wish the children to get pleasure out of them. A packet of dusty cards sent on to a hospital a month after Christmas is not such a happy thought as a packet of clean cards delivered, say, in time for New Year's Day. And much the same applies to the Christmas numbers of journals. People sometimes hoard them until they are torn and out-of-date, and then they pack them off to the hospitals. It would not be much of a sacrifice to let the hospitals have them when they are a month old.

I wonder whether it will ever become the fashion to send small and inexpensive gifts instead of Christmas cards. Many people, for example, pay sixpence apiece for their cards: for another penny, they could send one of those very popular little sevenpenny books which enrich the publisher, delight the public, and ruin the author. As an author myself, it is very bad business on my part to make the suggestion, but there you are! At any rate, the thought that I have helped to enrich the publishers, that down-trodden race of honest toilers, will sweeten my Christmas. Blessings on you, Gentlemen, and no unhappy "returns."

A Dear Old Subject. Very gradually, I note, women are allowing themselves to be persuaded that men honestly and sincerely care more about what is being done on the stage than for a prolonged, intimate, satisfying study of faultless millinery."

I wrote those words in these Notes exactly nine years ago. They prefaced a violent and disgraceful attack on two ladies who had roused my wrath, poor dears, merely by wearing huge hats in the front row of the stalls at the Garrick Theatre, thereby spoiling the afternoon for about fifty people, including several children, sitting behind them. That was their sole offence, and I regret to note



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY: GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

that I was quite cross with them. I even went so far as to put these thoughts into their minds: "It is a very great treat for children to be taken to a theatre at all, and the naughty little creatures have no right to grumble if their view of the stage is obscured by a nice hat. After all, they can hear the music, they can hear the voices of the actors and actresses, they can look at the people behind them and on either side of them; why should any woman go to the trouble of taking off her hat in order to let a child witness a play that, ten chances to one, it wouldn't understand?"

On re-reading those words after an interval of nine years, I am surprised and ashamed. I am surprised to find that I spoke harshly of the ladies, and ashamed of myself for my irony. I can see now that they knew no better. The world was very ignorant nine years ago.

How We Advance.

Nine short years, and what a change has taken place in all of us. The other day, I was again present at a certain matinée. I looked round the stalls before the curtain rose. I saw rows and rows of hatless heads—neat heads, pretty heads, pretty hair, all sorts of styles, but not one hatted head. There was no notice in the programme or on the curtain asking ladies to remove their hats; they had done it of their own free will.

"This is magnificent," I said to myself. "Who are the wretched cynics who declare that the world does not advance? Where are those crusty pessimists who would have us believe that we are as primitive now in our feelings and emotions as we were in the Stone Age? I should like them to be here this afternoon, and to gaze upon these rows and rows of kindly, thoughtful women, who, possibly at great inconvenience, have taken off their hats rather than spoil the afternoon for those sitting behind them! How I would confound them in their shallow pessimism!"

And then a lady entered and took the seat just in front of me. She was a middle-aged lady, with brown-grey hair—brown outside and grey underneath, with ear-rings, and a large hat, and a sallow man with a large nose. I waited, with an aching heart, to see her take off her hat, and I was so sorry that she should have to do it that I almost offered to stand—I had an outside seat—rather than trouble her to this extent. To my surprise, however, she kept the hat on her head even after the curtain was up.

An Afternoon of Interest.

"This is merely a little mistake," I told myself. "She has forgotten that she is still wearing the hat. It would be a charity to remind her, because she will feel wretched if she suddenly discovers that I can see nothing of the stage."

So I beckoned to an attendant and said: "Just tell that lady, in the nicest possible way, that she is still wearing her hat, will you?" The girl bent over the lady and whispered in her ear. The lady turned, stared at me, turned back, spoke to the man, and they both laughed. The attendant, with a very rueful face, came back to me and said: "I've asked the lady three times to take it off, Sir, but she won't. Shall I ask her again?" "On no account," I said. "I wouldn't spoil her afternoon for worlds. Let her retain the hat, and I will sit here and meditate on the march of civilisation."

And I did. Instead of losing my temper, I just abandoned myself to a view of the hat, and the pieces of metal in the ears, and the brown-grey hair, and the sallow man with the large nose. It was all intensely interesting—far more interesting than the play, I expect. Of course, I cannot be sure of that for the simple reason that I did not see the play. At any rate, my afternoon was not wasted, by any means, for I discovered that I could sit for two-and-a-half hours behind that hat and not care a hat-pin. A very interesting discovery, don't you think, friend the reader?

A LADY MASTER ENGAGED ; A ROYAL BRIDE'S RETURN.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE LADY MASTER OF THE EDENDERRY AND DISTRICT HARRIERS: MISS NINA WAKELY (ON THE LEFT), WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN OSWALD A. CHALDECOTT.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nina Wakely, Master of the Edenderry and District Harriers, and Captain Oswald A. Chaldecott, of the 124th Baluchistan Infantry. Miss Olive Wakely, Huntsman of the Harriers, is on the right in the photograph. The Misses Wakely are daughters of Judge Wakely, of Ballyburly, Edenderry.

Photograph by Poole.

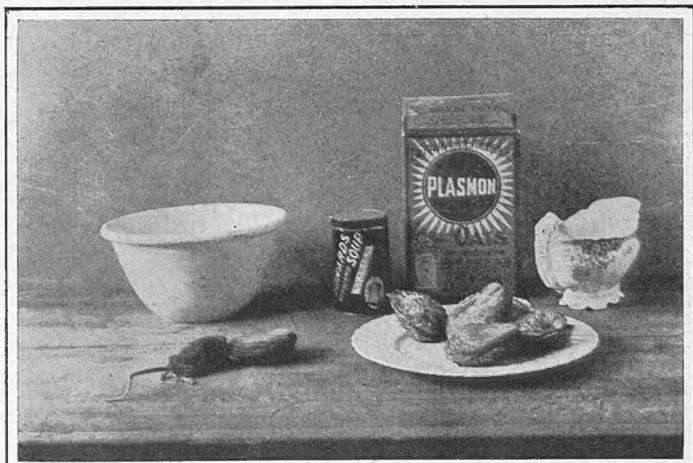


IN ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEIR MARRIAGE: KING MANUEL AND DONNA AUGUSTINE LEAVING ST. JAMES'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, TWICKENHAM.

It will be recalled that Donna Augustine, King Manuel's wife, was taken ill during the honeymoon. Her husband and herself returned to England on Dec. 13, and proceeded at once to their home, Fulwell Park, Twickenham. At the entrance to the Town Hall there, they were received by the Chairman and members of the

District Council, and an Address of welcome was read. This recalled to King Manuel the association of his family with Twickenham, where his mother was born, at York House; and where his grandfather, the Comte de Paris, and his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, had resided.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo Co.]

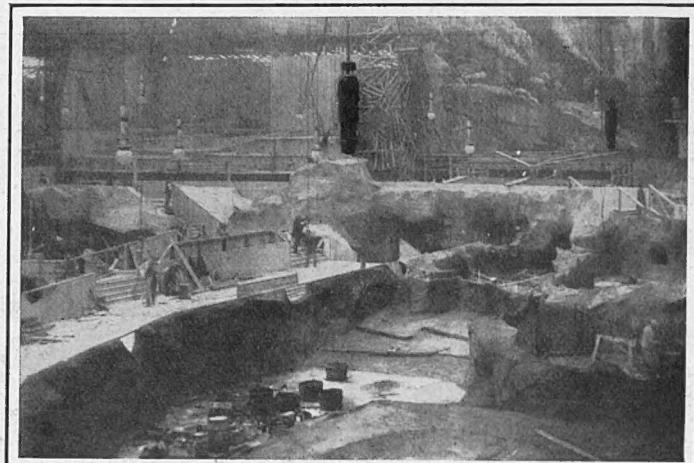
IN CAMERA: THE LENS AS WITNESS OF EVENTS.



WARRANTED NATIVE AND A CAPITAL MOUSER: AN OYSTER WHICH DID THE WORK OF THE CAT.

At the Collingwood Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently, a plate of oysters was stored in the pantry overnight, and next morning it was found that one of the oysters had caught a mouse! Evidently the mouse made a desperate struggle for freedom, for it had dragged the oyster quite a foot from the plate.—Olympia, not long

Second Photograph by Photopress.



AFTER THE MOTORS THE MENAGERIE: THE TRANSFORMATION OF OLYMPIA FOR THE WONDER "ZOO."

ago the scene of the great Motor Show, has been transformed into a Wonder "Zoo," to be opened on Boxing Day. A thousand men have been working night and day on the reconstruction. There will be over 2000 animals roaming at large, within certain limits, and separated from the spectators by a system of wide trenches.

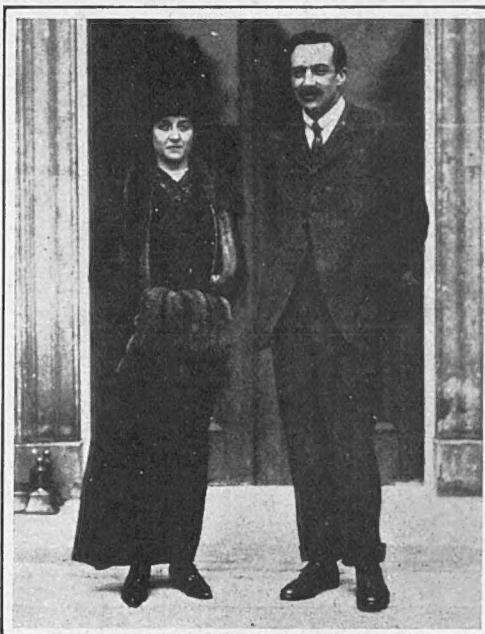


JOHNNY WOULD HIT THEN: MR. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, WHO MADE A CENTURY IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, captain of the English team in South Africa, made 119, England's first Test Match century of the tour, in the first Test Match at Durban the other day. He thus falsified his nickname of "Johnny Won't Hit To-day," based on his plenteous initials and his sometimes too-careful batting.—Among those on whom the King, at Buckingham Palace, recently, bestowed medals for life-saving, was Lieutenant David Blair, R.N.R., first officer of the "Majestic," who last May

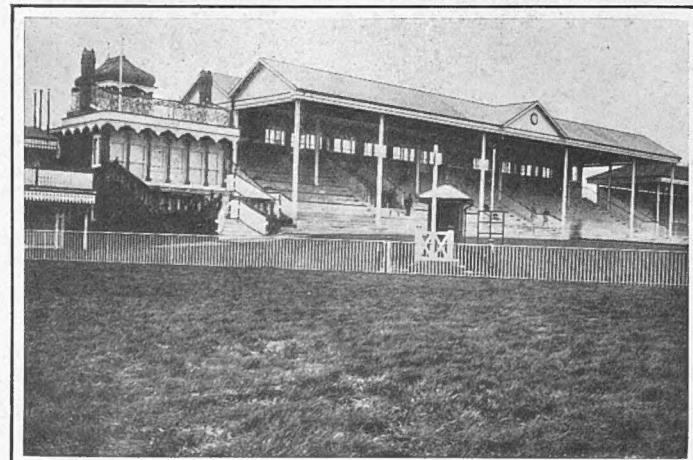


DECORATED BY THE KING FOR LIFE-SAVING AT SEA: LIEUTENANT DAVID BLAIR, R.N.R.



TO BE MARRIED SOON AFTER THE "UNLUCKY" YEAR IS OVER: LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER AND THE HON. SIDNEY PEEL.

dived off the ship in mid-Atlantic during a fog and helped to rescue a trimmer who had jumped overboard.—Lady Adelaide Spencer, whose engagement to the Hon. Sidney Peel was recently announced, is the eldest daughter of Earl Spencer. As mentioned on another page, it is said that she delayed the announcement, as she did not wish to be married in "unlucky" 1913. Mr. Peel is a brother of Viscount Peel.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and C.N.]



IN DEFERENCE TO SUFFRAGETTES, BUILT OF FERRO-CONCRETE AND OTHER FIRE-PROOF SUBSTANCES: THE NEW STANDS AT HURST PARK.

New stands have been built on the Hurst Park Racecourse to take the place of the old wooden ones burnt by Suffragettes last June. The new building is of



LUXURIOUS QUARTERS FOR THE SEX IN A BUILDING DUE TO THEIR INCENDIARY SISTERS: THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE NEW STAND AT HURST PARK.

ferro-concrete and other non-inflammable materials. There is a drawing-room panelled with glass on each side, so that the racing can be seen in comfort.

Photographs by G.P.U.

“THE DEELEY DEAL ; OR, THE MALLABY MILLIONS”—
AT COVENT GARDEN.



OF THE BLUE COLLAR AND THE BLUE TIE “WITH MEMORABLE WHITE SPOTS” : MR. H. MALLABY-DEELEY, PURCHASER—ON HIS OWN—OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S COVENT GARDEN ESTATE.

London has discovered a man it did not dream was a multi-millionaire in the person of Mr. Harry Mallaby-Deeley, second son of Mr. W. Clarke Deeley, of Curzon Park, Chester, and brother of Mr. Frank Curzon, the theatrical manager. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, it will be recalled, has bought the whole of the Covent Garden Estate of the Duke of Bedford, which covers about nineteen acres, and includes Covent Garden Market, Drury Lane Theatre, Covent Garden Opera House, the Waldorf Hotel, the Aldwych Theatre, the Strand Theatre, Bow Street Police Court, and the National Sporting Club. It was suggested that Mr. Mallaby-Deeley had a syndicate behind him. This he has denied, saying that he himself has bought the estate for investment. It is thought that the price paid was under £3,000,000. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, who has made big purchases before, now comes before the public, as we have said, as a sort of mysterious millionaire, a man few imagined could make so great a deal. The “Daily Chronicle,” making a point of this the other day, said: “So far as

the public are aware through what are known as ‘the usual channels of information,’ Mr. Mallaby-Deeley is not a merchant prince or a captain of industry or a great financier, to whom a transaction to be counted in millions might be regarded as an ordinary investment. Though the popular impression may be quite wrong, it has never credited Mr. Mallaby-Deeley with the possession of great wealth.” An article on Mr. Mallaby-Deeley’s personality, in the “Daily Mail,” is headed “The exquisite M.P.,” and contains the following passages: “The impression which Mr. Mallaby-Deeley always gave in the House of Commons was that of an immaculate man in a hurry. . . . Every hair is always in place. . . . Mr. Mallaby-Deeley imported the most originality into the distinction of his dress. He always had immaculate trousers of some light-grey material and a superbly cut black lounge coat braided at the edges. His collar was generally blue, with narrow white stripes, and his tie a display of dark blue with memorable white spots.”

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Sunday evening performances of the Little French Theatre seem to be taking the fancy of our fickle public. The latest programme consisted of four one-act plays performed by the Grand Guignol company in capital style. One, called "La Fugue de Madame Caramon," belonged to the Chamber of Horrors category with which the name "Grand Guignol" is now generally associated. It is a gruesome affair about a corpse in a safe: M. Dufresne gave a clever display of horror. The others were rather boisterous pieces of merriment and earned plenty of laughter, though, in the case of the play concerning the troubles of the married couple in the belief that a guest has suddenly fallen dead, the fun is rather horrible.

"The Fixed Idea" is a play, given at an experimental matinée, which suggests the presence at the moment of an *idée fixe* in the young dramatists to the effect that the subject of poor Houghton's clever comedy, "The Younger Generation," is remarkably attractive in itself. This is hardly the case: the public is willing to see the strife between the old and the young, the modern idea and the old, exhibited in the workings of a family, if it be very cleverly treated. This, however, was hardly the case with Mr. Harding's comedy concerning the egotistical woman who bullied and tried to enslave her husband and children, with the consequences generally exhibited on the stage. There is cleverness in some passages of the work, but not sufficient to keep the play alive throughout. Some clever acting was given by Miss Enid Bell, Miss Lydia Bush, and Mr. Vernon Steel.

"The Great Adventure" has passed its three hundredth performance, and is now the longest runner on the London boards. I shall not be surprised if it outlasts all the pieces up to now produced since its birth. Mr. Arnold Bennett has been clever enough to write a somewhat farcical comedy which entertains not only those who ask for no more than simple laughter, but also the stern people who refuse to laugh unless the play makes some intellectual appeal. For the story of Iam Carve and the lovable Janet is rich in satirical humour, and we all smile, though not all of us quite escape the shafts of the dramatist. And what a performance! Miss Wish Wynne—a name unknown by most of us till she appeared as Janet—is now one of London's favourites, and well deserves to be on account of her skill, her fine sense of art, and her charm. Mr. Henry Ainley's study—a little too elaborate at times, it may be—of the nervous, sensitive painter is remarkably clever, and also rich in humour. The rest of the company play together admirably in the self-effacing fashion expected in the case of a work produced by Granville Barker.

"Mary Goes First" resembles "The Great Adventure" in that it is satire as well as farce, and also that it is one of the few successes of the year. It has reached its first century, and still is drawing plenty of people to laugh at its humours, to smile at the way in which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones makes fun of little vanities and swollen heads, and also to see the brilliant performance by Miss Marie Tempest as the adroit, charming Mary.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ANNALS OF FAIRYLAND.

THERE is no need to disguise the fact that in "Do-Well and Do-Little" (Cassell; 3s. 6d. net) Mrs. Clement Shorter—who writes under her maiden name, Dora Sigerson—has produced a fairy-tale with a moral. It would be obvious from the names in the title—those of the twin-brothers whose adventures are related. Do-Well, of course, is the good, kind boy who saves his brother from the ills which laziness, avarice, and selfishness bring upon him. There is nothing priggish or "preachy," however, about the moral in this case, or the way it is conveyed. It is a very simple and genial maxim, the same that Stevenson enjoins in his "Christmas Sermon"—merely, "to be kind and to be honest"—and it is embodied in such a fascinating tale (like a story from Grimm, with just a dash of "The Pilgrim's Progress") that every child will, so to speak, gladly swallow the inoffensive powder along with the delicious jam. There are some delightful characters in the book, as John the Tinker and little Bride McKenna, and plenty of dragons and goblins who, aided by the Ugly Fisherman, give Do-Well no end of a time in rescuing his erring brother. The illustrations in colour by Alice B. Woodward add to the attractions of the book.

We have received the following interesting letter from Lord Headley, who, it will be remembered, recently became a Mohamman and adopted the Islamic name of Saifurrahman Shaikh Rahmahillah Farooq—

To the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—I have been amused at the way in which my new Muslim name has tickled the fancy of many writers, who have, however, almost invariably given it a wrong meaning. The four words taken in order mean: Sword of the Most Compassionate; a Chief or Leader; Grace of God; and One who Separates Right from Wrong. A little mild chaff pleases me greatly. "BeHeadley," bedad, is far better than "Headless," which the writer of your last week's notes might have made use of! But he is a good-natured punster, and I have pleasure in doffing my "Trilby" to him in best and most courtly style.—Faithfully yours, HEADLEY.

Dec. 11, 1913.



A THEORY OF "MONNA LISA'S" SMILE: CONVIVIAL COOKS' CHRISTMAS FARE: STORMING A PLUM-PUDDING.

The Smile That Came Back.

The world will be richer this Christmas by one smile that was wanting last year—that of "Monna Lisa." It is a smile that has puzzled the world ever since it was painted in 1500. There are a hundred stories to account for the appearance of the woman with the steady eyes and the smile.

My own theory is that Leonardo da Vinci painted the lady in serious mood, and that when she or her husband, Francesco, said that her expression should not be one of settled melancholy, the great portrait-painter, remembering that a stab in the back was an easy way to pay a painter who was not a courtier, turned up the corners of her mouth with a few touches of a brush to give her a smile. The only other theory that seems probable is that the smile of "La Gioconda" was due to a contraction of the facial muscles, and was a deformity, not a beauty. There is something super-human in the smile, for no ordinary narrowing a little.

man or woman can smile without the eyes. Smile at yourself in a looking-glass, and you will see that your eyes conform to your mouth, and do not remain in a wide-open stare, as those of "Monna Lisa" do.

Pre-Christmas Dinners.

The two great clubs of gastronomic experts—the "Réunion des Gastronomes," the members of which are the proprietors and managers of hotels and restaurants; and the "Ligue des Gourmands," the president of which in this country is M. Escoffier, the great chef, and the members of which are the foremost French cooks in this and other countries—have eaten their pre-Christmas dinners, for managers and chefs have little time to dine in the Christmas week. It is interesting to note in what manner the dinners the experts eat differ from those they give to the mere everyday diner. Both clubs banned beef from their tables except as the foundation for the soup, the Gastronomes relying on venison for their *grosse pièce*, and the Gourmands having as their meat sucking-pig with a wonderful stuffing invented by M. Escoffier for the occasion, and apples cooked in their skins. This sucking-pig was named after the patron saint of cooks, St. Fortunat, in whose honour the chefs made their feast.

The Patron Saint of Cooks.

St. Laurent had been for centuries considered the patron saint of cooks—not that he is handed down in history as a gourmet, but because he was martyred by being burned on a gridiron. The claim of St. Fortunat (who was an eminent epicurean and who wrote Latin verses in praise of good things to eat and good things to drink) to be the patron saint of the kitchen has now been admitted by the cooks in council, and it is on his fête-day that the Ligue des Gourmands hold their principal feast, an identical dinner being eaten by all the branches of the league in the principal cities of Europe.



IN THE LATEST LAND TO FALL BEFORE THE TANGO : LORD KITCHENER AT THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE MUNICIPALITY OF ALEXANDRIA TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BRITISH SHIPS VISITING THERE.

The photograph was taken during the recent visit of ships of the Mediterranean and Home Fleets to Egyptian waters. Cairo, by the way, has fallen before the Tango. At a ball given recently by Lord Kitchener there were no Tangos in the programme, but there is a rumour that, after most of the guests had left, a Tango "extra" was danced. At the Heliopolis Palace, at about the same time, the Duke of the Abruzzi danced the Tango at a ball given in his honour, and he and his partner were so admired in it that they soon found themselves dancing alone, with the other guests as audience.

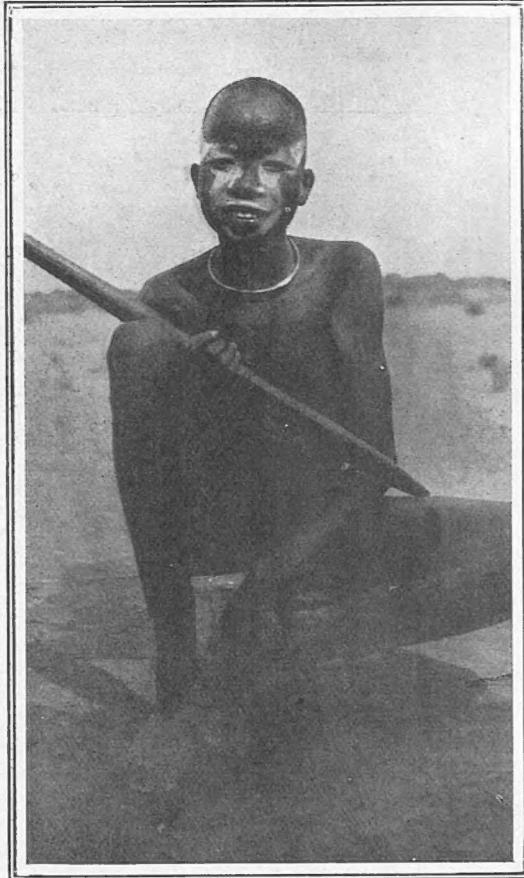
Neither the Gastronomes nor the Gourmands allowed plum-pudding or mince-pies a place in their menus, an ice being the *entremets*. I should be sorry if mince-pies were ousted from the bills-of-fare of our Christmas feasts, for they are one of the few dishes which have come down to us unchanged from the Tudor days. Christmas-pies is their right name, though they were often called mutton-pies until a neat's-tongue, minced, replaced the flesh of sheep in them. Their shape has grown rounder, no doubt, with the years, for in the days of the Stuarts they were made in the form of a cradle to commemorate the Nativity, and it was their shape, I fancy, not the contents of the paste, that brought down upon the eaters of Christmas-pies the wrath of the Puritans, who considered that the pies were symbols of idolatry. The mutton-pies of the Thatched House Tavern were celebrated for their richness, and when the tavern was pulled down the secret of their mixing was transferred to Willis's.

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Plum-Pudding.

Plum-pudding is the plum-porridge of the farm-labourers grown rich and stiff. The biggest plum-pudding ever boiled was one weighing 1000 lb., which an inventor of an ink-powder caused to be compounded, and which, after boiling for fourteen days, was to be eaten by users of the ink at St. George's Fields. It was duly boiled at the Red Lion Inn, in Southwark, and started in triumph on a great lorry for a progress through London—a band, the drum of which was so large that it was drawn by six asses, playing

"What lumps of pudding my mother gave me" before it. But the ink-users waited in vain in St. George's Fields for their helpings of the great pudding. The sight of the delicacy was too great a temptation to the crowds which followed the lorry. The ragamuffins stormed the wagon, routed the escort, and ate the pudding.

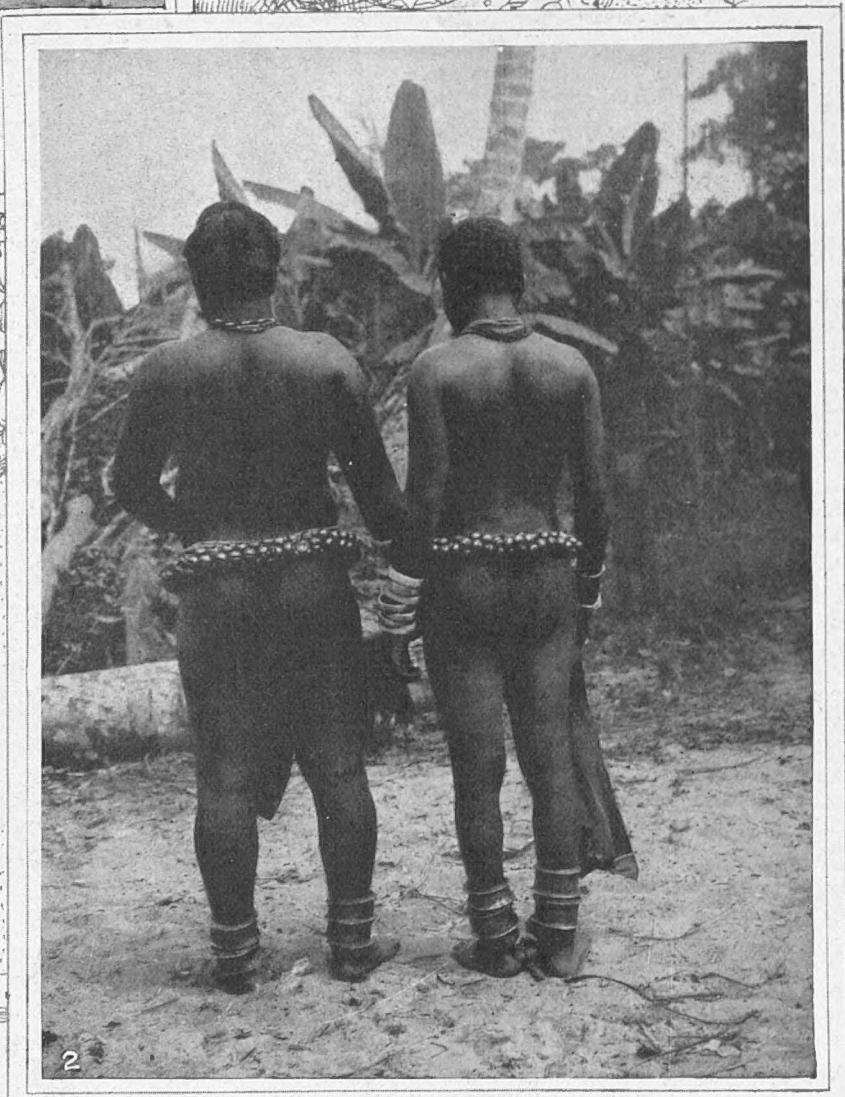
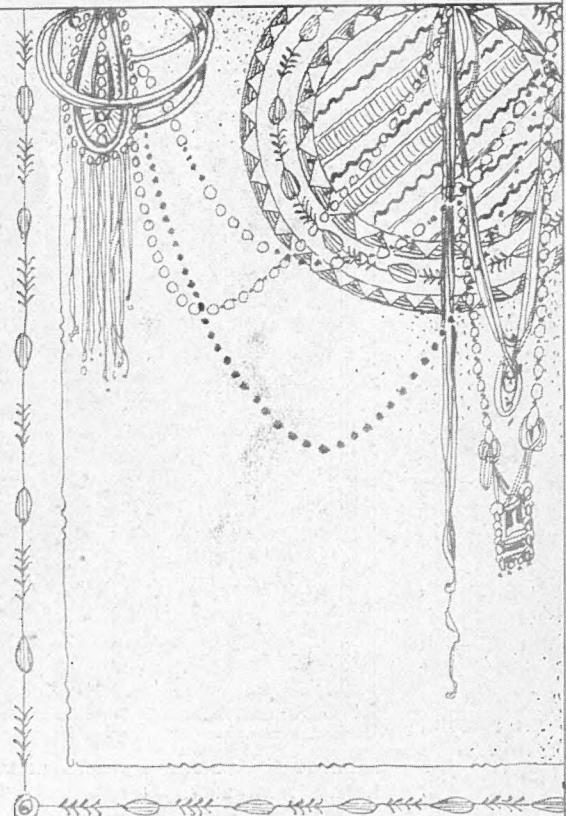
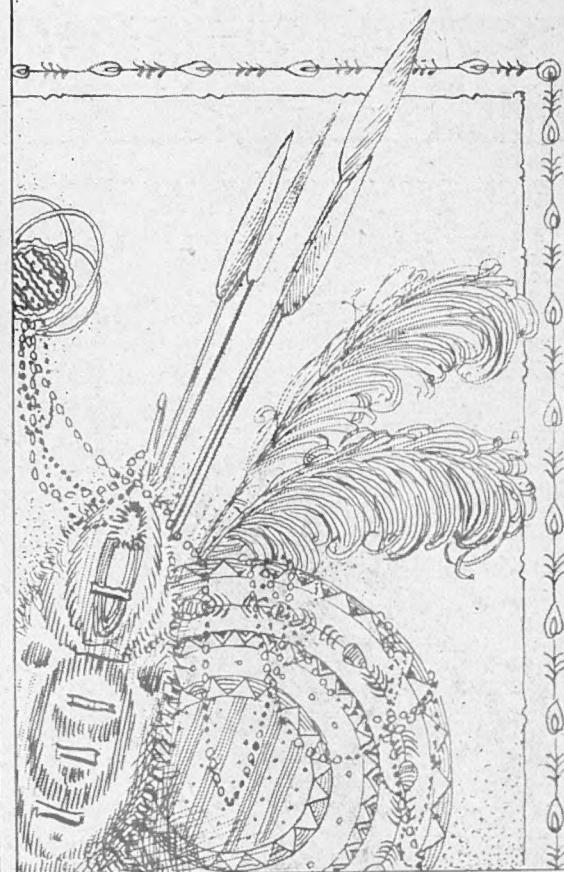
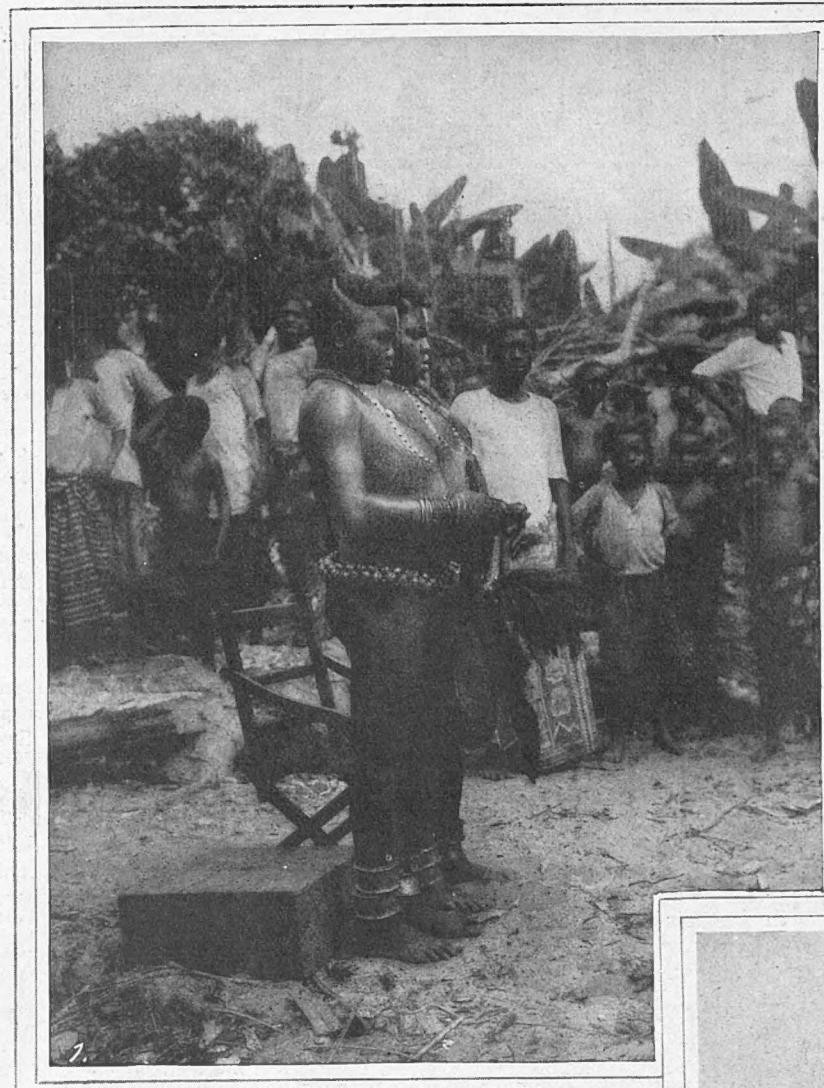


A DANDY OF A DISTRICT WHOSE GIANT INHABITANTS REST, STORK-LIKE, ON ONE LEG: A JIENG MAN WITH POWDERED FACE.

The Jiengs, who are jet-black, typical negroes, are among the tallest tribes in the world, and live in the Sudan, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum. The men are great dandies. All the adults have six of their lower teeth removed, but they clean the remaining teeth thoroughly with wood-ash applied by means of a primitive tooth-brush. They give much time to the dressing of their hair, powder their faces, and wear ostrich-feathers.

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PLUMP FOR THE IBIBIOS! LADIES FATTED BEFORE MARRIAGE.



1. FATTENED BEFORE WEDDING: IBIBIO LADIES JUST AFTER LEAVING A "FATTING - HOUSE."

2. FRESH FROM A "FATTING - HOUSE": IBIBIO LADIES.

Ibibio ladies are fattened before marriage and may have to remain in "fatting-houses" for from six months to two years. They are usually let out at about Christmas-time. The Ibibios dwell in the Eket District of Nigeria, in which Mr. P. Amaury Talbot recently found in being ceremonies and customs which, he says, seem to have come down unchanged from the time of the Pharaohs.

THE MODERNITY OF THE BOY: THE PANTO "NUT."



THE PRINCIPAL BOY OF THE NEW SCHOOL: MISS CLARICE MAYNE IN "ALADDIN,"
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LEEDS.

There is a distinct tendency on the part of the modern pantomime boy to leave behind those traditions which prescribe for her wear tights and trunks. Here is a case in point, where we see Miss Clarice Mayne in one of the several dresses designed for her to don as Aladdin. So it is that the principal boy—the "nut" of pantomimes—progresses with the times.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



THE LOVE AFFAIR OF "A QUITE INCOMPETENT SCHOOLMISTRESS": "QUALITY STREET."

An Attractive Title. "Quality Street": the very title is pleasant, has an old-world flavour, a suggestion of the days when "the quality" was a generic term for the classes—indicating a superiority to the masses, who might be referred to as "the quantity." I will not shock any Radical friends by alleging that this view of the word "quality" was well founded; or Unionist friends by a denial. "Quality Street" suggests the abode of people genteel when the term was not one of reproach—in fact, when it was genteel to be genteel. And who could be more genteel than the Misses Throssel? Another happy name, "Throssel." I wonder how it has come about that the word with many forms of spelling has been beaten in the race for popularity by "thrush": let the philologists see to it. I love Shakespeare's happy little phrase—

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

And when you get Phœbe Throssel in "Quality Street," "Phœbe with the ringlets" and Barrie—as dramatist—in conjunction, you can guess that a charming old-world comedy will be offered to you. The word

"charming" is used without prejudice, for I do not know whether life was pleasanter for anybody when Bonaparte was Bogey than in our times. They used to frighten naughty children with threats concerning the Corsican Ogre, but since his days there have been plenty of bogeys to replace him. Indeed, it is said that on the East Coast, in this dying year of grace, threats of German invaders are used to terrify the young master or mistress when they do not behave well. Perhaps life was pleasanter for "the quality," certainly it was not for "the quantity"; yet one would like to have a real peep at the times when there were no energetic flappers, when the rag-time and Tango tea were undreamt of, and slit skirts—No, I must not talk of slit skirts, for it is on record that some of the ladies of the Directoire slit their dresses even higher than our modern women of the world. "Phœbe of the ringlets" was rather a masterful young lady, who, when I was young, would have been called "strong-minded": in our days, probably she would go about burning other people's houses as an argument in favour of Votes for Women, which the dear creatures seem to regard as the burning question of the day. I hope the reader will excuse this horrible, obvious play upon words: even the sternest of us are sometimes unable to resist the temptation to let off this foolish kind of jape.

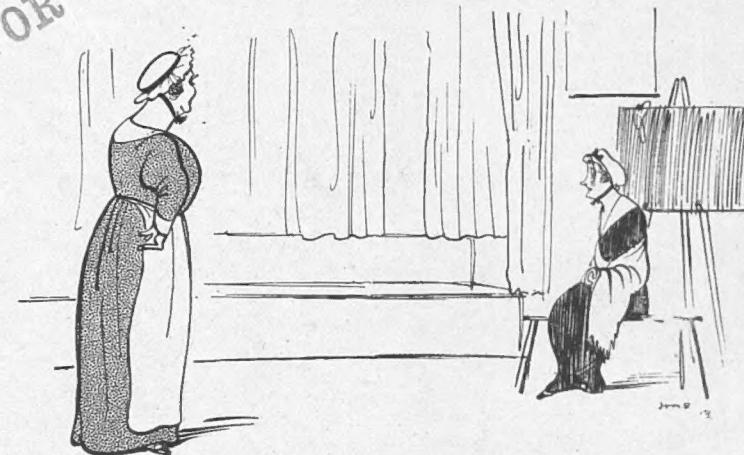
Barrie's Fairy Godmother. Poor Miss Phœbe Throssel, instead of piping her throat in the country, had to pipe her eye in town, all because a foolish country doctor did not know that he was in love with her; and she had to be a schoolmistress, a quite incompetent schoolmistress, for ten long years before he did know his mind and was married to her. It is my

private opinion that after the marriage Phœbe got a bit of her own back, if I may use a vulgar phrase of to-day. (One might in such a case pervert an old rhyme and suggest that "He that will not when he may, gets more than he wants another day.") It is a vastly pretty piece, with an antique flavour which, perhaps, no dramatist could have presented so perfectly as our wonderful Barrie. He, indeed, might have made a gem of it, a tranquil, fascinating three-act comedy with an agreeable ripple of laughter and a pleasant little rill of tears, but the fairy godmother interfered. For when Barrie became a dramatist, all the fairies whose aid is needful to the playwright were invited to assist, save one, who shall be nameless. She malevolently, whenever he is writing a play, whispers to him that he must not fail to make it "theatrically effective" at any cost,



SISTER SUE: MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SUSAN THROSSEL IN "QUALITY STREET."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



PATTY PROPHESIES A GREAT TIME COMING FOR FEMALES: MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS PATTY, AND MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SUSAN THROSSEL.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

and her influence is often discernible. You can hardly trace it in the first half of "Quality Street," but it is rampant in the second, which is a pity.

The Performance. Nevertheless, if by no means flawless, "Quality Street" has so much of delightful comedy that one may forget the theatrical passages, which, to be truthful, are deemed the best part by many playgoers. It is excellently acted. When I saw Miss Marion Terry as the elder Miss Throssel,

it seemed impossible that anybody could replace her: Miss Nina Boucicault achieves the impossible, and I think that if I had been Valentine Brown, and if she had been like Barkis—however, this is hardly relevant. Miss Boucicault certainly is quite delightful in the character. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt acts very cleverly as Phœbe, but I feel sure that the ringlets ought to have been golden and the character a little more blonde. Mr. Godfrey Tearle played very well in the part of Brown, without quite giving the old-world air. Everybody was glad to see Miss Louie Pounds again on the London stage, taking the part of Patty. Mr. George Tully is just what one wanted as the recruiting-sergeant who made up to her; and Mr. Charles Daly gives a clever piece

of character-acting as a Waterloo veteran. The school-children are well represented, and, generally speaking, there is an excellent performance of the ingenious comedy, which is likely to enjoy the compliment of many revivals.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"MY BOY, THIS PAINS ME FAR MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!"
MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHŒBE THROSSEL, AND MASTER RONALD HAMMOND AS MASTER ARTHUR WELLESLEY TOMSON.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "QUALITY STREET,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



TEN YEARS OLDER, AND SHE LOOKS IT, BY JOVE! MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHOEBE THROSEL, MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SUSAN THROSEL, AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS CAPTAIN VALENTINE BROWN.

After ten years in the Napoleonic wars, Captain Brown returns to find his old flame, Phoebe Throssel, become, with her sister Susan, a schoolmistress, and rather looking | the part. When she masquerades as an imaginary niece, however, he finds, on at last penetrating the disguise, that she isn't really so prim and thirty as he thought her.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

She has passed into the English language: "as slender as the Duchess of Marlborough's neck" serves for a degree of comparison in one order of creation no less than "as bulky as 'G. K. C.'" serves in another. But it is not, with her, a case of neck or nothing; her Grace has a rare faculty for forgetting her own graces. For months her whole attention has been given to the figures, not of fashion-books or Tango, but of Sweated Labour.

Her Subject. She has come to grips with a subject that is too painful for most people to think about even at a safe distance. Her statement of the facts is concise, convincing, terrible. Her friends would far rather she thought and talked of the things of her own world. "Let them fight it out themselves; we can never understand them," is the sort of advice she is always getting. "But you don't let them fight it out themselves," she answers; "every time you go shopping injudiciously your money is given to the bad cause of the employers. Every time you are careless and buy the products of sweating, you subsidise the evil system."

East and West. She rattles out her statistics as easily, and charmingly, as another Duchess rattles out Epsom prices. Though with less American accent than an average Englishwoman acquires in a fortnight in California, she has, nevertheless, an American's sense of headlines. She puts her case with extraordinary brevity and effect. If you want to know the facts about the East End do not go to the East End, but go to Sunderland House, Mayfair, when the Duchess is telling, in her young, steadfast, and convincing voice, the things she has learned during years of constant study. "There are thousands of women and girls who are suffering actual hunger, want, and destitution though they are working every available hour all the year round" — that is the gravamen of her charge against the existing order.

Vanderbilt Contrasts. When Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt gives a freak dinner at Gloucester House, Piccadilly, he spares no—trouble, shall we say? Down the centre of the table, maybe, runs a stretch of Hyde Park; at one end is the Powder Magazine, at the other the statue of Achilles. Railings, chairs, lamp-posts, coaches, drivers, passengers, prams and nursemaids, soldiers and policemen are all modelled in silver; the horses, as if in compliment to superior creatures, are in gold. And when Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt feels that she must pay some little extra attentions to her friends in New York, she turns the whole ground-floor of Beaulieu into an Oriental palace, and contrives, before the

evening is out, to run the expenses up to a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

The Blenheim Blend.

The reaction is inevitable. To go slumming until the next great dinner has been the usual way of clearing the conscience. The cure of one's soul by spasmodic charities takes less time than the cure of other luxurious ills at Baden-Baden. But the Duchess of Marlborough's philanthropy has not been spasmodic. During several years she has spent more time at East Ham than at Blenheim, though in no sense has she left the world in which she finds she and her campaign carry most weight. She does not relinquish her houses, nor her parties, nor her pearls. Her fascination

does not wane nor her youth turn to greyness because she has things to do and things to say, and a set of very cruel and depressing observations always on her mind and in her heart. By station, by habit, by the very finish of her features and the elegance of her build, she belongs to a world of trivialities and luxury; her manner, minus a certain seriousness that will not be wholly hidden even by the mask and domino of fashion, is the manner of Vanderbilt-cum-Marlborough, of Fifth-Avenue-cum-Blenheim, of a perfect worldliness of the most attractive sort. But it is made more charming than the most complete worldliness can ever be by the softening influence of her large sympathies.

Her Own People.

The Duchess remains, in a fuller sense than Curzon Street is apt to think, an American. While she is absorbed by life in England, and is here for good, she holds to her faith in the States and her natural passion for her country. She be-

lieves in the women of America, in the college-bred girl. She is critical of the Englishman's rooted objection to the higher female education. He must, she thinks, have a secret fear that the wife he finds so hard to understand even when she is an unlearned, simple woman will be absolutely incomprehensible when she is highly educated. All questions are to her the Women's Question. Her study has been the woman worker; the hostels she opened not long ago were hostels (the first of their kind) for the sex that Lord Rowton left out in the cold. But if her guest in Yorkshire not long ago was Mrs. Pankhurst, it does not follow that the Duchess has given her support to militancy. On many points these two were in agreement; on many others they were in opposition. In America her Grace could, like her mother, be an out-and-out Suffragette, because in America out-and-out Suffragism wins the vote without recourse to extreme measures. All the Duchess's chief problems have been encountered in the reconciling of English and American habits of mind. And East Ham believes she is solving many of them with something very like genius.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The marriage of Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, and Consuelo, daughter of William Kissam Vanderbilt, of New York, took place in 1895, three years after his Grace had succeeded to the title.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

IN THE NEW WAY: BARKER SHAKESPEARE IN HONG-KONG.

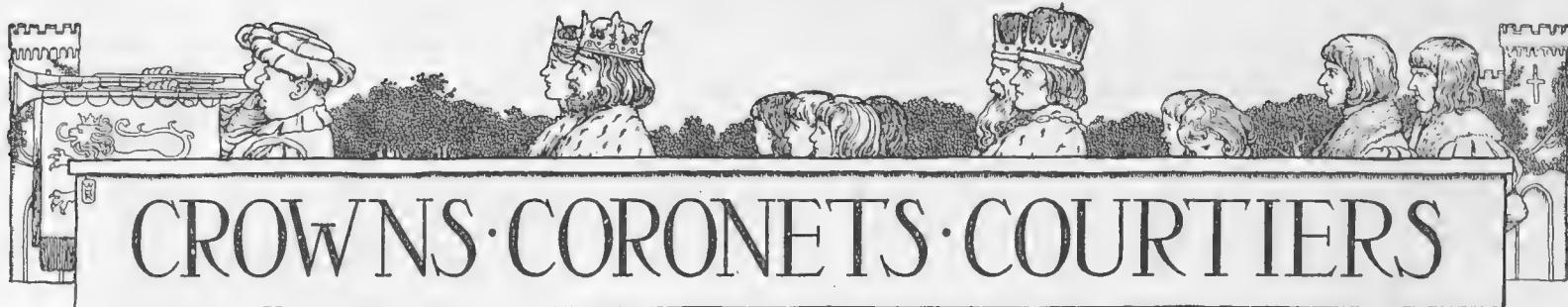


1. AS SEEN ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, HONG-KONG: OLIVIA'S GARDEN FOR THE HONG-KONG MUMMERS' PRESENTATION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," THE FIRST AMATEUR SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTION IN THE FAR EAST.

2. ANOTHER SCENE IN THE NEW WAY FOR THE PRESENTATION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT HONG-KONG: THE DUKE'S PALACE.

These photographs are especially interesting as showing how deeply the so-called "new movement" (in reality a combination of Craig-Poel-Reinhardt-Barkerism and the old Elizabethan manner) has taken root; for, as we have noted, they show scenery not in London or Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg or Paris—but in Hong-Kong. The performances of "Twelfth Night" were given, in aid of charities, by the Hong-Kong Mummers, and took place in the Theatre Royal at 9.15 on four evenings, and at 4.30 on an afternoon. The patrons were H.E. the Hon. Mr. Claud Severn, the officer administering the Government; H.E. Major-General Kelly, C.B.,

and Commodore Anstruther, C.M.G., R.N. The presentations were billed as "Shakespeare's Comedy, 'Twelfth Night'; or, 'What You Will' (In a New Way). First Amateur Shakespearean Production in the Far East." Mrs. C. H. P. Hay was the Olivia; Mrs. F. J. Hunter, the Maria; and Mrs. W. H. Hastings, the Viola. Mr. E. Gordon Lowder was Malvolio; Mr. W. Siegler, Orsino; Mr. W. H. Hastings, Sebastian; Mr. M. S. Northcote, Sir Toby Belch; Mr. L. N. Leefe, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; and Mr. C. H. P. Hay, who stage-managed, the Feste. Mr. W. Siegler designed the costumes and decorations.



PURE chance took the King and Queen of Spain and Mrs. Pankhurst on to the same Channel boat; but long pre-meditation led to the Suffrage affair at Covent Garden. Joan of Arc is the patron saint of militant women, and it was decided among them that Mr. Roze's production offered a suitable setting for a demonstration before royalty. Most of the audience missed what little point there was in the Suffrage plot, but his Majesty good-humouredly admitted a certain appropriateness in the raising of the "Voices of these modern Joans" during that particular performance of that particular opera. But further the King would not go in extenuation of the action; and all the medals for bravery he distributed last Thursday were given, not to megaphoning maids, but to men!

"*Floors Castle.*" When the Tenant Gallery was about to be opened to the public, Lady Glenconner was told that the scheme would never work. "Your carpets will always be muddy, your parquet always scratched," said a neighbour whose house round the corner is known as "Floors Castle" on account of its owner's prevailing passion. "I told you so," said the same voice a little later, when the gallery was closed and the public excluded. But muddy carpets and scratched parquet were not the cause; Mr. Asquith was using 38, Queen Anne's Gate as a town house whilst 10, Downing Street underwent repairs, and Suffragettes would have become during that period far too devoted to the Tennant Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses if the doors had been

her own of the plank-beds and thin cocoa of two Continents. But there is a gentleman in London who has put both penal codes to a practical test. Mr. Harry Kemp, the stowaway poet, added to at least half-a-dozen gaol adventures in the States one English adventure of the kind. He keeps, all the same, a most cheerful countenance, for London, now that he is free, is very hospitable, and life here altogether easier than, for instance, in Kansas City, where,

when poetry wasn't paying, he took on any odd job that offered. Once, when a circus came round, the manager asked if any adventurous spirit would enter the lions' cage. At first nobody volunteered; then, "For five dollars," said the poet. Having got in, he found one of the animals very snappish. "I wagged my finger at him till he stopped," explains Kemp; "but that was mostly for the benefit of the audience. I never thought the lion would be subdued."



DECLARING THE MILITARY BAZAAR OPEN: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT; WITH PRINCESS ARTHUR ON HIS LEFT—THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

The Military Bazaar was held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, in aid of the funds of the Regimental Agency and the Regimental Associations, which make it their business to find employment for soldiers on their return to civil life. In opening the bazaar, Prince Arthur said that he was interested in anything that concerned the old soldier, "to whom the country owes so much, and for whom, I think

I may safely say, the country does so little."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

arm-chair in order to get within ear-shot. "I'm going to listen, if I may," he said, as he leant up carelessly against the wall behind the talkers. "I beg your pardon, Sir," snapped



AT THE REGIMENTAL AGENCY STALL AT THE MILITARY BAZAAR: THE COUNTESS OF NORTHBROOK, MRS. HAROLD BARING, MASTER JEFFREY, VISCOUNTESS CURZON, VISCOUNTESS CANTELUPE, AND THE COUNTESS OF LONDESBOURGH.

Photograph by Topical.

left open. But now that the P.M. is gone, Lady Glenconner will readmit the public, even in the season of mud.

Gaol-Birds. Adeline Duchess of Bedford has explored the prisons of England and America. Since her return she has found nobody with quite so extensive a knowledge as



DRESSED IN GREEN COSTUMES AS A COMPLIMENT TO THE ROYAL IRISH: A CHARMING GROUP OF STALL-HOLDERS AT THE REGIMENT'S STALL AT THE MILITARY BAZAAR.

Photograph by C.N.

Mr. Burns. "I'm going to listen to this discussion, if you don't object," the other repeated. "But I do object, Sir," answered Burns, with an asperity clearly proving that, whatever may be his principles in regard to free-speech, he would be the last man to tolerate a breach of good manners in the cause of free-hearing.

TANGOING SOCIETY: LADIES WHO ARE EXPERTS



1. THE HON. MRS. ROMER, SISTER OF LORD RITCHIE OF DUNDEE AND WIFE OF MR. MARK LEMON ROMER, K.C.
2. LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, MOST EXPERT OF ALL SOCIETY TANGOISTS.
3. THE MARCHESA DORA DI RUDINI, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.
4. THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON, DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE SKELTON YUILL.
5. LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, DAUGHTER OF LORD EBURY.
6. THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA, DAUGHTER OF MR. CHARLES M. PELHAM BURN.
7. THE HON. MRS. CHAPLIN, SISTER OF LORD NUNBURNHOLME AND WIFE OF MR. ERIC CHAPLIN.
8. LADY DIANA MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.
9. MISS MURIEL WILSON, DAUGHTER OF MRS. ARTHUR WILSON.

Even if it be not true that all Society is dancing the Tango, it cannot be denied that a great part of it is doing so; needless to say, in the ball-room manner. With regard to the ladies whose portraits are given on this page, it may be noted that

Lady Randolph Churchill is the most expert of all Tango-dancing Society ladies, and that Lady Portarlington, Lady Drogueda, and Miss Muriel Wilson took part recently in a Tango competition at a charity bazaar.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Langfier, Boissonnas and Taponier, Lallie Charles, and Speaight.



THE ship on which I am approaching England is running through a heavy fog; the horn goes constantly; we hope to land to-morrow; in a few days will be Christmas. In other words, the weather is seasonable, and as in my packing I have just had to find room for a number of mysterious little parcels which when I came on board I found awaiting me in my state-room and which I am enjoined to hold till Dec. 24 and then to post to their several addresses, it is almost unavoidable that I should think of the twin joys of Christmas, the receiving and giving of presents. A nice nature, a thoroughly nice nature, would perhaps reverse the order, but to do so would in my case at least be insincere. To take a greater pleasure in the giving than in the receiving of gifts argues, I cannot help thinking, a mind which has treated the whole matter too perfunctorily. The giving of presents is a rare and delicious joy—when one is sure that one has chosen the right presents. But how often can one be sure of that? To go with well-lined pockets into a shop, a series of shops, and to buy right and left on the principle that this will do for So-and-so and that for her brother, and that if later on one finds something that seems more suitable the things can be rearranged—that certainly is the wrong way. I hold that here, if ever, is a matter which requires thought even more than it requires money.

To begin with, give as much time to the choosing of your presents as you can afford. Show imagination. In the unlikely event of

your having been unable to find out what your friends need, imagine yourself in their position and think out what is most likely to give them pleasure. You can start doing this directly one Christmas Day is over in preparation for the next—which is one of the reasons why I have chosen this subject to-day when anything I have to say is hardly likely to be of immediate practical use. Make from time to time a note of anything that occurs to you. Your presents should aim at filling up the gaps in the lives of the people you give them to. If you know of a useful luxury which they want but which for one reason or another they are not affording, give them that luxury—but discriminate against a too useful luxury. And discriminate against the things which, when you go to stop with their



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY DRAG: THE MASTER (MR. M. FIELD) AND THE TWO WHIPS (MR. A. MILBURN AND MR. E. THORNTON) GOING TO THE MEET.

As the "Encyclopaedia of Sport" has it: "The method of running a drag is tolerably well known. Various masters have their own recipe for a drag, but perhaps the most common way is to keep a tame fox in the kennel, and then on hunting days to put the litter into a net, or it is sometimes put into a hare's-skin. This is trailed over the ground, and every five minutes or so a few drops of oil-of-aniseed, or occasionally turpentine, are added, and after a little practice the hounds will stoop to this scent as readily as to that of the stag or fox. Generally speaking, the drag is laid by a man who runs the line on foot, but sometimes he is mounted. The former plan is, however, preferable, since the drag will not jump about so much as when it is trailed behind a horseman. It is easy to arrange whether the line shall be stiff or not, and it should be understood that the drag is not laid over any trappy fences."—[Photograph by Crisp.]

By GRANT RICHARDS.
(Author of "Caviare" and "I'valentine.")

recipients, you will use more than anyone else. For instance, I myself believe strongly that every guest-room should contain a waste-paper basket and a large pair of scissors suitable for the cutting-up of newspapers, but I do not intend to present even those of my hostesses who have most signally failed in the provision of these necessary adjuncts of civilisation with scissors and waste-paper baskets. And I doubt whether a box of good cigars or a dozen of vintage claret is quite the proper gift for the man who, caring but little himself for either of these joys of the flesh, has failed during the year that is passing to treat your delicate palate with all the consideration that it deserves. No; give your good cigars or your rare wine to the friend who can appreciate them, who wants them—and isn't likely, either because his wife won't let him or because he has other and more domestic uses for his money, to get them for himself.

Most people seem to act on the assumption that when they get to the children end of the list anything will do. That is the greatest of mistakes. Children are not sentimentalists. They won't take the will for the deed. Everything you give them is scrutinised—and appraised; appraised not for its value in shillings and pence, but in regard to its desirability and, subconsciously, the amount of thoughtfulness which it argues in the giver. With children one has,



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY DRAG: LAYING THE DRAG.

Photograph by Crisp.

in choosing, to temper valour with discretion. Perhaps if one decides to ignore a whim but to satisfy a desire one will be on safe ground. The children of the rich are so ill-provided in the matter of presents. No one thinks about them in the right spirit. But their little inclinations, their whims, are studied, and so in a fortnight nearly everything they have been given lies neglected in a corner of the nursery. Some parents ask their infants to write down lists of what they would like to find in their stockings, or on their Christmas-trees. That is not a bad way, but a better is to know your children so well that you have found out naturally all the things that they want. To do that, however, is, with the modern parent, so often an immediate prelude to going at once to look for a shop that it does not always work out in practice. When a child has been given everything it has ever been heard to express a wish for, nothing remains at these festive seasons but to send round for a new Rolls-Royce or a bag of almonds-and-raisins. Beware, anyhow, of asking a parent's advice as to what you shall give his offspring. He either won't tell you or he won't know. The habit too of sending a cheque with a request that it should be laid out suitably for dear Mary and dear George is to be deprecated. Confronted by the pile of presents which have already accumulated, the ordinary father is too prone to say that the sum can be most usefully applied to taking the little dears to the pantomime. In other words, the cheque comes as an alleviation of his own obligations.

For everyone, save in rare and easily recognisable circumstances, the giving of presents whose chief intention is decorative is to be avoided like sin. Because your nephew is interested in painting it does not necessarily follow that he will be glad of a reproduction, however costly, of the last masterpiece of Mr. B. W. Leader. Nor can you, my dear boy, educate your father in this indirect manner. To give him a Jacob Epstein drawing to add to his collection of Sidney Cooper or to hang beside his Meissonier will not help at all.

THE GIFT THAT CHEERS — THE GIVER.

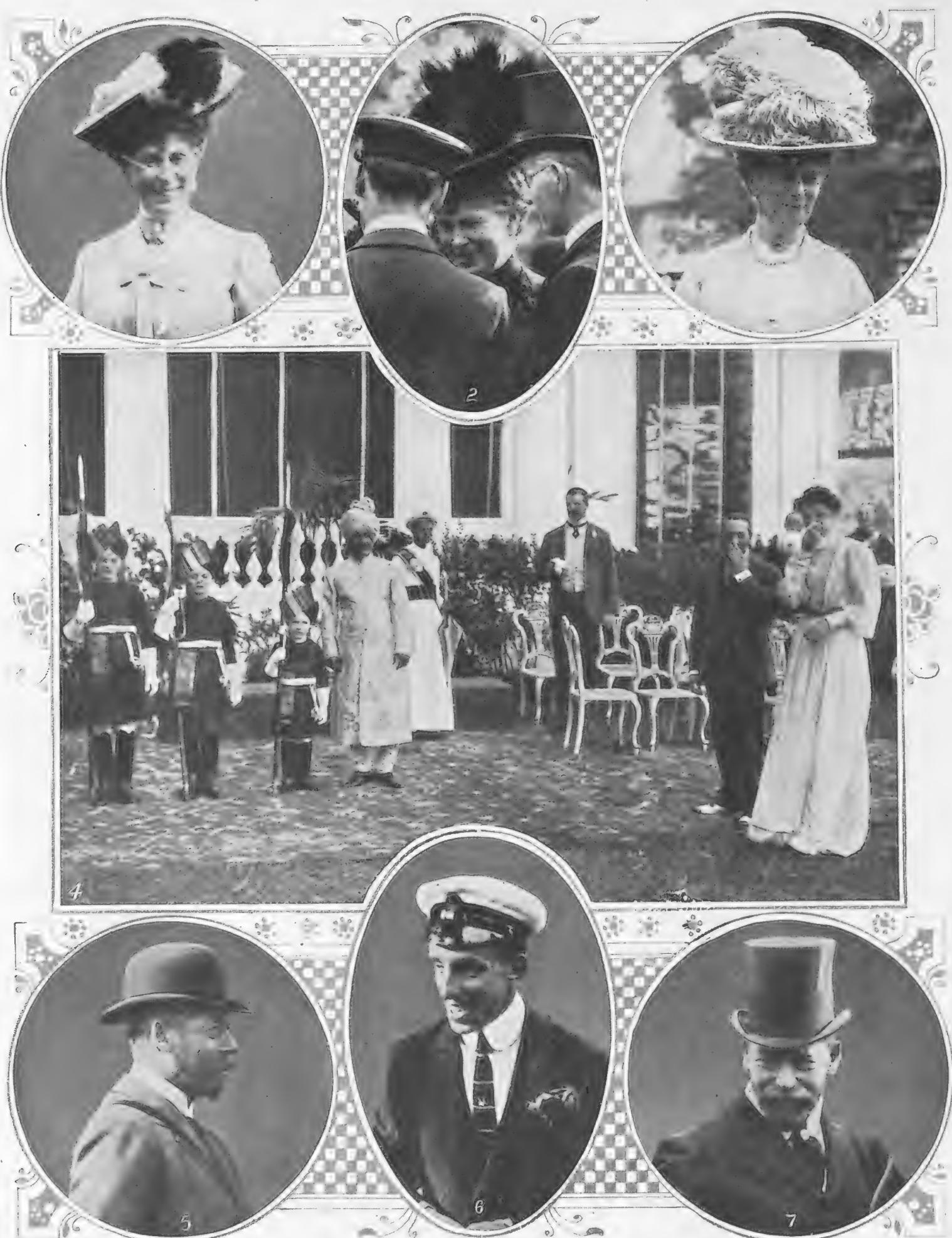


“THE LORD LOVETH . . .” BUT NOT ALWAYS THE RECIPIENT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

SMILE—AND HAVE A STAKE IN THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS!

KEEP SMILING: AN AMUSING SERIES OF ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. THE QUEEN.

2. THE QUEEN.

3. THE QUEEN.

4. THE KING—THEN PRINCE OF WALES—AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

5. THE KING.

6. THE KING OF SPAIN.

7. THE KING.

It was set on record the other day that a cinematograph film showing the genial smile of President Wilson, of the United States, had been placed in the vaults of the New York Public Library, there to remain for all time, or perhaps one ought to say, for as long as the institution exists. Another copy of the film is to be deposited,

[Continued opposite.]

Photographs by C.N. and Illustrations Bureau.

SMILE—AND HAVE A STAKE IN THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS!

KEEP SMILING: AN AMUSING SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

2. M. CLÉMENCEAU.

3. SIR EDWARD CARSON.

5. MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

4. MR. ROOSEVELT—ENCOURAGED BY A TEDDY BEAR.

6. MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

7. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Continued.

it is said, in the Pyramid of Cheops, of the group of Ghizeh. Why should not the idea be more generally adopted? Let it be started by the placing of copies of this issue of "The Sketch" in public monuments—why should not we benefit by increased circulation, and posterity by records of smiles of to-day? With a set of gramophone records added, the laughs would be valuable.—[Photographs by *Newspaper Illustrations and Illustrations Bureau*.]



FIGHTING "HIM WHO WAS BORN TO COMMAND THE WORLD": THE CORUNNA CAMPAIGN.*

A Captain in the Corunna Campaign. Alexander Gordon, Captain in the 15th Hussars, whose journal dealing with the Corunna Campaign of 1808 and 1809 is now published, was born in 1781, son of the third Earl of Aberdeen, and entered the Army in 1803. He saw service under Sir John Moore. In 1811, the year in which he wedded Albinia Louisa, daughter of Captain Richard Cumberland, a son of Richard Cumberland the dramatist, and Lady Albinia, daughter of the third Earl of Buckinghamshire, he retired. In 1847 he was awarded the Peninsula Medal, with clasp for Sahagun. His were the estates of Auchlunies and Ellon, in Aberdeenshire; he was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Aberdeenshire. And in 1872 he died. Chronicled thus briefly, his life does not seem vastly adventurous. Yet, for a space at least, so it was. For the Captain, you will have noticed, wore the Peninsula Medal with clasp for Sahagun—a decoration, we may judge, well earned. He did more: immediately after his return to England from the disastrous campaign in Spain he drew up a journal from the rough notes he had made. For that he will be thanked. As Colonel Wyly has it of the journal, it "seems to supply something that has up to the present time been wanting in the history of the Corunna Campaign; for . . . we know but little of the work of the cavalry. . . . The story of hardship, gallantry, and privation here set down has the advantage of being related by an officer who belonged to an arm the discipline of which remained unimpaired, and to a regiment which, throughout the retirement, was always with the rear-guard."

On a Transport for Forty.

his embarkation at Portsmouth on Sunday, Oct. 30, 1808. He writes: "I went with a part of my troop on board the *Rodney*, a ship of 300 tons burden, fitted up to receive forty men and thirty-six horses. . . . With the exception of the Major, who occupied the state cabin, we were wretchedly accommodated. The berths were so bad that Lidderdale and myself preferred sleeping in cots slung in the cabin to the risk of being poisoned by the bilge-water." On Nov. 2, the fleet of thirty-five sail of transports left Stokes Bay under convoy of the frigate *Endymion*. Captain Gordon was very excusably and very thoroughly sea-sick; horses were thrown down as the ship rolled; a fine piece of fresh beef, dislodged from its place in the main-top, was lost; a French privateer caused momentary alarm; the Bay of Corunna was reached early on the 8th.

His Grace's Tattered Servants; and Gorge Tercero.

As soon as he could, Captain Gordon landed. Food and wine and lodging were not good: that to put it mildly. Still, he lived and observed and was entertained. He dined with the Duke of Veragua, "a Grandee of the first-class

and one of the Knights of Calatrava . . . affable, cheerful, and hospitable . . ."; and having strange old Spanish servants. "Of the domestics who waited upon us—six or seven in number—" he notes, "only two were in livery, one was in the habit of a page, and the rest were dressed in very shabby suits. The butler wore a threadbare coat with one of the sleeves nearly torn off, and was more occupied in endeavouring to conceal this misfortune than in attending to his duty at the sideboard. He appeared, however, to be exceedingly amused by the conversation, and laughed heartily at his master's jokes, throwing in a few remarks of his own occasionally." Captain Gordon went to the "Opera," too. He says: "Allegorical pieces in allusion to the situation of the country were often performed, in which Spain, under the figure of a beautiful woman, was represented as enslaved by the treachery of France, and liberated by the exertions of England. On these occasions our venerable Monarch, with several members of the Royal Family, were introduced upon the stage to embrace Ferdinand, and the spectacle concluded with the engagement of the latter to marry an English Princess—the curtain falling amidst shouts of 'Viva Fernando!' 'Viva Gore Tercero!' 'Viva Spagna!' 'Viva Inglaterra!'"

On the March.

March from Corunna on Nov. 23. Little incidents involved our Captain. At Bembiberé: "A few French prisoners were brought into the town in the afternoon and lodged in the gaol; it required a strong guard to protect them from the fury of the populace. At La Motta: a dance, with

minuets and country steps and waltzes. At Villapando: first news of the surrender of Madrid. Some two leagues from Sahagun: in touch with the French. Then in action at Sahagun and our Captain, gallantly winning his medal and clasp, came, as he thought, nearly killing a comrade of his own in the dark and the mist; this with such cold that hands could scarce hold rein or draw sword.

Incidents and the End.

So to various other significant things: a burnt-out village, despairing people; Spaniards dead of hunger and exposure; dreadful riot and distress in Villafranca; the drunkenness of despair and of defeat; and, at last, Corunna again—on Nov. 11, 1809—and on the march, Lord Paget and Brigadier Gen. Stewart passed the troops. Both were disabled by ophthalmia, which was very prevalent. "The former looked very interesting; he had a white handkerchief bound over his eyes, and Colonel Elley, the Adjutant-General to the cavalry, led his horse." Then the last fight and the death of Sir John Moore; the hurried embarkation. Did it not look as though the Prince of Neuchâtel, Vice-



AUTHOR OF "THE MILKY WAY," AND A DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST LORD TENNYSON: MISS F. TENNYSON JESSE.



ON THE TRACK OF HERMES: SILENUS AND THE SATYRS TRYING TO EARN A GOLDEN WREATH—IN "THE SLEUTH-HOUNDS," OF SOPHOCLES, WHICH LAY BURIED IN THE SANDS OF EGYPT FOR CENTURIES.

According to a German paper, by arrangement with which we publish this photograph, "The Sledges of Hercules," of Sophocles, lay buried in the sands of Egypt, on the site of the ancient Oxyrhynchus, until quite recently, when it was discovered by Mr. A. S. Hunt. Since then it has been freely translated by Dr. Carl Robert, who, following the Homer story, has supplied the end of it, which is missing. The version thus arranged has been played by students in the Goethe Theatre at Lauchstädt. Briefly, the story of the piece is as follows: "Hermes, abandoning his cradle soon after his birth, steals a herd of cattle from Apollo, and also makes a lyre from the shell of a tortoise. Apollo promises, to whomever shall discover the thief, a golden wreath. Silenus and the Satyrs take up the hunt and find the culprit. There the fragment finishes." Dr. Robert completes the story by making the child Hermes give his lyre to Apollo by way of atonement.—[Photograph by Koenig.]

Constable, Major-General, had reason when he wrote of Napoleon—in the Intercepted Letter to the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia: "I will send you to-morrow a Proclamation and some Decrees of the Emperor, in which you will recognise the style of him who was born to command the world."—Here indeed is a Journal to be read.

* "A Cavalry Officer in the Corunna Campaign—1808-1809." The Journal of Captain Gordon, of the 15th Hussars. Edited by Colonel H. C. Wyly, C.B. With Portraits and Maps. (John Murray; 8s. net.)

NOT A FAMILY TREE.



13945 traced

THE BOTANICAL OLD GENTLEMAN (*in public gardens*): Can you tell me, does this belong to the Arbutus family?

THE CUSTODIAN: No, Sir, it belongs to the Corporation.



WOUNDS AND BRUISES.

BY G. STANLEY ELLIS.

HARDING was lying in the whitewashed hospital, whose walls are so clean they make your eyes ache. It doesn't matter what was the matter with him, but he was bad, though nothing like so bad as he thought he was. When the Orderly wheeled him in the chair from the ward into the operating-theatre, Harding had the fear of God in his heart.

"Don't lollip yourself down like that," said the Orderly. "Take your heart out of your boots—it makes you as heavy as lead. How am I to get your chair over the mat if you don't buck yourself up a bit?"

Harding wearily got out of the chair and walked over the mat.

"You mustn't do that," said the horrified Orderly. "Every patient must be wheeled to the theatre."

"But I can walk quite well," protested Harding.

"Don't care. In you get, sharp. And thank your lucky stars none of the surgeons saw you."

That theatre is a lovely little room, lined with pale-green tiles. It looks like a model dairy. One expects to see shelves of shallow earthenware pans in which milk is cooling. Instead, on the walls hang steel trophies, like those the barrack-room makes of bayonets and swords at Christmas. But, in the theatre, the trophies are of surgical knives, and they are covered with glazed doors, like a shallow bookcase. In the middle of the theatre is the operating-table. A pretty piece of mechanism, too. It goes up and down, fore and aft, port and starboard, just to the height and angle the surgeon requires, at the touch of a foot. A surgeon's hands are too busy to be wasted. Harding was the first victim of the day, so he was turned down in the theatre itself. He had expected something like the Agricultural Hall at Tournament time, and was surprised to find that it was no bigger than the Colour's cubicle.

So he lay on the table. The surgeon and dressers came in. The anæsthetist stood behind him, put the rubber cap over his nose and mouth, and said, "Breathe deeply."

They don't say "please" in military hospitals.

Someone held his pulse. He stared up at the anæsthetist, but didn't seem to feel anything in particular. The last thing he remembered was holding up his right foot very high, while someone kept trying to press his knee down. He didn't want to hold his leg up; but, somehow, he didn't seem able to keep it down. And then—nothing.

"Wake up, Harding. It's all over. Wake up, Harding. Wake up, Harding."

He wanted so much to go on sleeping. But hoarsely, stridently, and from a great distance, that voice kept on—

"Wake up, Harding. Wake up, Harding."

Harding was too sleepy to protest at being awakened. Then, after several ages of time, he saw around him the whitewashed, eye-aching walls, and found himself once more in his own cot.

Then he had warm water to drink, and was ill. The strain of the sickness made the new stitches tear into his flesh. He had to clench his teeth to prevent his calling out.

"Have a drop more warm water," suggested the Orderly.

"It'll make me ill," said Harding.

"Doesn't matter. You'll go on being ill till you've got the gas out of you, and the sooner the quicker, my lad."

Harding had another drink, and was ill again.

Then began days of purgatory and nights of hell. Harding lay awake all day longing for night; then lay awake all night agonising for day. The pain was infernal. The tiredness was worse. But perhaps the worst thing in the night was never to know the time. When nine o'clock came, all lights were put out except the one central, shaded light over the table where the medicines were. And all the ward composed itself to sleep—except Harding. He lay awake and wondered what the time was. He heard the Abbey clock strike the quarter, the half, the three-quarters. After the three-quarters he lay awake, counting the minutes, then the seconds, and then—he fell asleep, and awoke to hear only the last echo of the last stroke booming through the still night air. When the country day is over, the quiet noises fill the air. When the town quiet once begins, it is deadly quiet. Then, when one noise is heard, it becomes insistent, imperative. So Harding never heard the real hour, and had to lie awake for another fifty-five minutes—perhaps to drop off again at the psychological moment and to miss the truth of the time at the next hour. Once he thought he had lived a life-time of night, as he lay listening to the chiming of the four quarters, and waited for the hour to strike. It struck one, two, three. Ah, it was getting on towards morning. Four, five. That was good. Washing and breakfast would soon come. Such refreshment might give a quiet doze after the tossing night. Six. Surely it could not be six? The orderlies would have been in. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, boomed the pitiless bell. Twelve o'clock. Midnight. Three hours only gone since lights out. The greater part of the night was still to come. Harding groaned.

"Don't make such a noise," said the night watch. "You'll wake the others."

Harding groaned again, and kept on groaning, till the night watch fetched the ward master. The ward master took on himself to give Harding an injection of morphia, and then left him again to the night watch.

Harding tossed to and fro for an hour. Then he went on groaning.

"If you throw yourself about like that, you'll do your wound an injury," said the Orderly. "Can't you keep quiet?"

"No," said Harding.

"You've got the cradle off you now. Let me put it straight again. Keep quiet. You're disturbing them all."

"What was that stuff?"

"You're not supposed to know."

"Tell me. Else I'll go on groaning."

"Well, it's morphia, then. Now go to sleep."

"And morphia is a poison, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And the surgeon says I'm not going to live. Don't you tell me a lie. My ears are sharpened since I've nothing to do but lie here. Besides, I saw his face. Astonishing what a lot of notice you take when you lie on your back and think. Things strike you that wouldn't when you're walking about."

"Keep quiet. You'll have everybody wake."

"You think I'm wandering. I can see that in your face. But I'm not. I'm going to die. You know it. And I'm going on

[Continued overleaf.]

“ ASK ME NOT NOW ! ”



THE WELL-MEANING HOST: May I have the pleasure of this dance?

THE SMALL MAIDEN (*who has supped not wisely but too well*): No, thank you, I'm nearly sick as it is.

DRAWN BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

suffering till I die. You know that too. Give me some of that morphia to drink. No; don't give it to me—leave it there by accident. It'll be all the same in a few days."

"Don't talk nonsense. You know it can't be done."

"You say it can't be done. But you don't say," said Harding, with a cunning look in his eye, "that I'm not dying, and that I'm not going on suffering till I die."

"I don't know anything about that," said the Orderly guiltily. For he had his strong suspicions.

"Just leave it by me."

"If it was all as you think—which, of course, it isn't—I couldn't do it. You know I couldn't. It'd be murder. They'd give me seven years for it."

"Let me snatch it out of your hand."

"Take it, once for all, it can't be done."

"Not to save a chum from going on suffering till he dies? And it can't be long, anyway. The surgeon would never even know, for he expects the end at any time. You know he does."

"Chuck it. I can't do it."

"Then, damn you, may I see you dying for want of a helping hand, for a drink of water! And I'll pass by on the other side—by God, I will."

And, after all, Harding astonished everyone by getting better.

His battalion was ordered to the front in the Afghan War. In Afghanistan their nerves suffered. Attacks with rolling rocks, nightly sniping, picket night and march day, these things make a battalion jump. They were the battalion that arose by night as one man and massacred a donkey whom they took to be the advance guard of an Afghan attack. So it came to them as a pleasant change to find themselves in action. Action with casualties is better than casualties without action. In the former case, if you are not a casualty, you get a bar on your medal. The difficulty in this case was that the tribes had not waited till the English were in a good position. They had not even allowed our men an equal chance, but had meanly and unsportsmanly taken us at a disadvantage.

How many times have the Afghans taken a British column in a defile and rolled down rocks upon it? Almost as many times in fact as in fiction. That is what happened this time. The battalion was in the defile. There were no flankers on the heights, which, of course, were almost impossible to climb. And it was wicked to ask tired men with nerves, when their legs were weary, and they longed to feel the encouraging touch of a shoulder, to scale high hills and to march thereon in single file. Of course, there was no enemy within miles. Equally of course, the enemy started out of nowhere and began to roll down boulders.

The worst of being down in a valley under such circumstances is that you have no room to spread yourselves except up the flanks of the hills. Thither it is very unpleasant to go. Forwards you can go; because that is the quickest way out of trouble. Backwards you cannot go. For that way your trouble begins and ends only too quickly. The battalion, had it ever heard of them, would have remembered the Caudine Forks. As it was, it advanced, each man swearing according to the particular oaths he fancied. For, in that close order, necessitated by the narrowness of the valley, and accentuated by the men's wish for close companionship, every stone hit someone. Then came the order from the Commanding Officer to the Captain of Harding's company.

"Take your company and clear the heights on the left."

With that, the Captain of the company left-formed and extended his men. Up and up they went, losing their funk as they ascended. As they lost wind, as they got dog-tired, so they got angry. Perfect rage casteth out fear. They began to find that, to men in open order, eyes to the enemy, stones are nothing like so inconvenient as to men huddled together and taken in flank. Then the jezails went off. But they were less dangerous than the stones.

So, when the company got to the top of the ridge, a dozen bayonet-thrusts, and the little business was done. Two tribesmen and one Englishman lay on the ground. The rest of the enemy were in full flight, while the company was getting back its breath and realising the difficulty, while the marksman's lungs are working like bellows, of making good practice at a running man.

After the steed had been stolen, the stable door was locked—

that is, the company left flankers on the ridge. Success makes men think well of themselves. The men who had crawled and crouched up the hill, going down to avoid, strutted back like pouter pigeons. Not one of them pouted more than Harding, who, on the strength of having put a bayonet into the back of an Afghan, who was strategically retiring, and thus having accelerated his movements, expected the V.C. At least he felt sure he should get nothing less than the D.C.M. To anticipate, nothing was exactly what he did get. Now, as Harding strutted down the hill, back from glory, he heard the cries of a man in pain. They were not the yells, the oaths, the shouts, of a man in whom pain is well mingled with rage. Rather, they were the continued, unceasing whimperings of a man whose spirit has been broken along with his rage by a pain too heavy to bear. The heart of a man who had lost enough manhood to give forth such unmanly cries must have been turned to a pink, watery rag. The red blood must have left it.

As Harding, radiating pride and glory, came striding down the hill, he came across this wretch, crushed beneath a stone which would have taken a dozen men to shift from the mangled carcase, whose mouth gave out pitiful whimpers. From the look of the limbs and the sounds of the lips, even had the dozen men been there, ready and willing, it might have been better to leave the stone alone. Then, suddenly, the note changed from the low, passionless and inarticulate, and rose higher in a sound which seemed to hurl furious though peevish anger at sky and sun, at earth and heaven, not by the words, but by the tone.

"Harding, Harding, Harding!" the voice shrieked.

Harding neared it.

"What do you want?" he asked. With difficulty, he came down to earth, and took the halo off his head.

"Oh, Harding, I'm smashed. My bones are one comminuted fracture." Even in his pain, he had to talk the jargon of the hospital. Always, when an uneducated man, who cannot talk his own language grammatically, gets a smattering of Greek or Latin, Hindustani or Swaheli, the Taal or Basuto, he tries to speak it. The less he knows, the more he speaks it.

"Very sorry," said Harding joyously. He was sailing up into the clouds again. "Sometimes one has good luck, sometimes bad. You remember me with bad luck, don't you? Well, I'm in good luck to-day."

"Harding, I can't live. I know the signs only too well. And I'm in agony."

"Don't you worry yourself too much. You knew the signs, Linseed-Poulte-Wallah. The Surgeon knew the signs. But look at me to-day." He slapped his chest and chuckled. He was glory-drunk. "You were both wrong about my signs; maybe you're wrong about your own."

"No, I'm not, Harding. I know, I know. And I must go on in this hell of suffering. For God's sake put a bullet into me."

"Don't talk nonsense. You know it can't be done."

"But I'm dying. And I'm going on suffering till I die."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Do, Harding."

"If it was all as you think—and, judging by how right you were in my case, it probably isn't—I couldn't do it. You know I couldn't. It'd be murder. They'd give me seven years for it."

"In all this hurry and rush, nobody'd ever know you did it. Let me snatch your rifle and do it myself."

"Take it once for all, it can't be done."

"Not to save a chum from going on suffering till he dies? And it can't be long, anyway."

"Chuck it. I can't do it."

"Can't do it?"

"D'you remember when I lay in a cot and prayed for morphia? D'you remember I told you I'd see you dying for want of a helping hand, for a drink of water, and I'd pass by on the other side?"

The hospital orderly looked at him, and said nothing.

"And, by God, I will," added Harding.

With that, Harding stepped out again, chin in air, and a warm, comfortable See-the-Conquering-Hero-Comes feeling round his heart. He whistled "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and suited his step to the tune.

Behind him recommenced the continued, unceasing whimperings.

THE END.

THE BEGGAR!



61496 framed

HIS DAY OFF.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

TANGLE - TAILS.



THE FLIRTS.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



ON THE LINKS

"ONE OF THE SWEETEST SPOTS FREQUENTED BY BRITISH GOLFERS WHO MIGRATE": GLORIOUS NIVELLE.

News From
La Nivelle.

It is getting cold. September had seemed to push herself forward to the last month of the year, and by her genial influence we were playing the game in the most delightful conditions that anyone remembered for December. When four of us had four balls on the



CROSSED DURING PLAY TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH HOLES OF THE NIVELLE COURSE, ST. JEAN DE LUZ: THE BIG QUARRY.

eighteenth green at four o'clock on an afternoon that was only a fortnight from Christmas, and the sun that had made everything so bright and happy for the day was backing down in the west, we all agreed that not one fig would we give for golf anywhere except in Britain. But it has been remarked before that circumstances do alter cases most confoundedly, and so it was again. Two days later there was half a gale from the east, the sea had turned from real blue to a cold, grey black, we kept our hands deep down in our pockets and warmed them with our breath at intervals, and, to tell the truth, were rather miserable. On the seventh tee we looked out across the sea, and a reminiscence of golf at Costebelle by one of the company was received with sympathy. It was never cold at Costebelle or Cannes; the wrists never got numbed out there. True, it was sometimes known to be cold at Biarritz, but it was very good, for all that. And Pau, by the Pyrenees, was so placid and restful always. I like Pau; I always feel the better for it. And that night, after being nearly cut to pieces by the wind from the east, it was as if by a trick of fate that the first intimation came to me to get myself off to the southern climes, and I wished I could go. This sort of thing is unsettling. It was Count O'Byrne at glorious Nivelle, which is by St. Jean de Luz, who, as hon. secretary, sent me the particulars of the state of things out there regarding the season that is just beginning, and it seems that the first men's competition took place last Tuesday, Dec. 16, while the ladies have been at it for a week or two. The arrangements for the season are simply splendid, and the course has been improved again, though goodness knows it was good enough before. With the Pyrenees almost overhanging it, and being within a few shots of Spain (while staying in Spain once I did actually motor over there to France, had a full day's golf in which such lights as Andrew Kirkaldy and Arnaud Massy were also concerned, and motored back to Spain at night!), this is one of the sweetest spots frequented by the British golfers who migrate from the homeland in the winter-time. For many things I wish I were there again. Perhaps—but one must get on with one's work.

From Cabbages to
Putting-Greens.

But life is made so pleasant at Nivelle. The social conditions are perfect. There are no cliques and no nonsense. All people just enjoy themselves and are happy. The result is that they play good golf mostly, and when they feel like playing it they have one of the very best courses on the Continent of Europe to play it on. The remarkable thing is that, only five or six years since, there was no golf at all at this place—only some land that was mostly under cabbages and edibles of that kind. But the local golfers began to feel doubts about the existing golf arrangements, and realised that it was time they had a good eighteen-holes course in perpetuity. An Englishman and a Spaniard went exploring round about, looked upon this cabbage-patch, and saw beyond the surface of things. One idea led to another—the same with projects; 160 acres of the land were bought for £6000, the people of the parts came to the assistance of a great scheme, and lo! a year later there were no cabbages to be seen, but, by a miracle of course-construction and green-keeping, there was laid out there on the sloping land by the side of the River Nivelle a splendid course, with turf such as any golfer might feel it a pleasure to walk and play upon. A strong driving force was needed to make the club a success, and that came along in the person of Mr. W. R. Sharp, for some time now the president of the club, and a very active president too. Now it is one of the few ventures of the kind that pay a good dividend on the money put into them.

Some Very Good Holes. There is not a dull hole at Nivelle, and the ball must be placed pretty well from the tee all the time. There is a good two-shot hole to start with, slightly up-hill from the tee; a pretty short one follows; then, at the third, a good drive has to be made across the yawning quarry; and at the fourth that terrible pit has to be crossed again in the progress to the longest hole, which is one of 550 yards. The holes in the middle of the round may be described as very good indeed, and of these towards the end I do like the seventeenth, which is a fine full one-shot hole down-hill, and then there is a drive-and-iron hole to get us down to the club-house for lunch or tea. I can imagine myself—but as I have said I must get on with my work. The Riviera and Côte d'Argent seasons promise to be exceptionally good this year. Courses have been improved in many places, and the general

standard of golf in these parts is vastly superior to what it was five or six years ago. By the way, I hear a new course is being made at Biarritz.

HENRY LEAMY



THE OPENING OF THE CONTINENTAL GOLFING SEASON: THE CLUB-HOUSE AT NIVELLE, A PRETTY GOLFING RESORT IN THE DISTRICT OF THE PYRENEES WHICH HAS ALREADY MADE A START.

The Nivelle Golf Club was started in 1909, and the course has a length at present of about 5500 yards.

standard of golf in these parts is vastly superior to what it was five or six years ago. By the way, I hear a new course is being made at Biarritz.



AT NIVELLE: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SEVENTEENTH TEE TO THE GREEN, WHICH IS AT ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



CHRISTMAS AT THE COLISEUM AND THE PALACE: MISS SARAH BROOKE AT THE TIVOLI.

THE Merry Season is fairly upon us, and it is more or less impossible to resist its attractions. On Monday afternoon the Coliseum presented its Christmas effort with a new "Milestone Revue" by Austen Hurgon, entitled "And Very Nice Too." This is in three scenes, representing As You Were, 1855; As You May Be, 1923; and As You Are, 1913; and it is not at all unlikely that the first scene will prove the most popular, for therein are introduced various old songs which are still almost as young as ever, including "Champagne Charley," "The Perfect Cure," "Come Into the Garden, Maud," and "The Little Bunch of Roses." With regard to these deathless products of their time, it may safely be said that they show no signs of diminishing attractiveness, and that, sung with vim and earnestness as they are in the present case, they simply defy opposition. At the end of the scene enters an advanced woman, who invites the whole collection of people to transport themselves to 1923, which they complacently consent to do, arriving in Drummond Circus, and indulging in all sorts of vagaries considered appropriate to the time and place, being suddenly transported back to to-day in the Silver Court Scene, which terminates the piece. The performance of this *mélange* is very bright and entertaining, and serves to keep the audience vastly amused for over an hour. The Coliseum management has succeeded in collecting a band of performers who leave no artifice untried in their endeavours to compel laughter. Among the most successful of these are Mr. Gwilym Wigley, Miss Betty Shale, Miss Lillian Major and Mr. Garry Lynch, to say nothing of the nigger, all of whom work loyally for the success of the revue. Judging from the first performance, the Coliseum may safely rely upon its new revue to keep it merry and bright for some time to come.

At the Palace.

The policy adopted by the Palace is founded upon rather more deep-rooted motives. Here we find the spirit to which an occasional dose of the archaic appeals, and here in consequence, we find Mr. Cecil Clay's "Pantomime Rehearsal" selected for production. It is a good many years since we were first permitted to see this play, and a great deal has happened since that date, but it must be frankly conceded that very little has occurred which has had the effect of aging its humours. Fortunately for everybody concerned, Mr. Weedon Grossmith is still available for the part of Lord Arthur Pomeroy, and this famous comedian is as amusing as he ever was in the part, the throwing-up of which still remains one of its most welcome features. Mr. Weedon

Grossmith is a true comedian, and in this part he is admirably suited. Never for a moment does he allow himself to force his way, but continually is he there, ready to make the audience laugh at his absurdities. Mr. Frederic Norton plays the part of Jack Deedes, formerly taken by Mr. C. P. Little, to whom Mr. Weedon Grossmith acknowledges his indebtedness on the programme, and he is very successful in it, combining moments of calm with outbursts of fury in a genuinely humorous fashion. Mr. Robert Horton is also quite

good in the part of Captain Tom Robinson of the Heavy Dragoon Guards, his death scene after the fight with Lord Arthur bringing forth all the required laughter. As to the ladies, they are all that can be desired, and make the old music seem quite young and new again as we listen to it. The Palace has definitely turned its back upon rag-time, and this may prove the beginning of a less tempestuous awakening. Suffice it to say that the revival should easily succeed in keeping the Palace comfortably full during the holidays.

A New Comedy.

Yet one more first appearance on the variety stage is to be recorded. Miss Sarah Brooke has taken the epoch-making step, and must now be accounted a music-hall performer. She appears at the Tivoli in a comedy written by Lady Troubridge and Richard Fletcher, which bears the name of "The Gold Fish," and takes only about a quarter of an hour to perform. The little piece introduces us to Lord

St. Vede, the eldest son of an English Peer, and to Mrs. Whiting, an American widow. The two have become engaged, and the young man is at the lady's house in Mayfair for the purpose of inducing her to say how much she is prepared to settle upon their marriage.

To this question she answers with another — What has he done with the two hundred pounds acquired by changing her cheque this morning? He first denies having had it, then owns up to having cashed it, next accepts another cheque from the lady, and, lastly, coolly takes the money from the butler who brings in the change for the original cheque. The episode terminates in a spirit of complete understanding between the two people, which is not wholly easy to understand, and Miss Sarah Brooke seemed rather nervous as to the result. But she may be quite



AN ACTRESS-MANAGERESS: MISS CORA GOFFIN, THE ALICE OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE COMEDY.

Little Miss Cora Goffin has been playing with her own company, as Prince Arthur in "King John," and so can claim to be the youngest actress-manageress in this country. She is the Alice of "Alice in Wonderland," which it was arranged to produce at the Comedy on Dec. 23 for matinées.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL" IN THE BILL AT THE PALACE THEATRE: JACK DEEDES, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, THE GIFTED AUTHOR, REHEARSING SOME OF THE COMPANY.

"A Pantomime Rehearsal," by Cecil Clay, and with music by Edward Jones, is now in the bill at the Palace Theatre; with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his original part, Lord Arthur Pomeroy. In the photograph (from left to right) are: Mr. Frederic Norton as Jack Deedes, Miss Eileen Temple as the Hon. May Russell-Portman, Miss Dorothy Selbourne as the Hon. Violet Eaton-Belgrave, Miss Muriel Barnby as Lady Muriel Beauclerc, Miss Gwendolen Brogden as the Hon. Lily Eaton-Belgrave, and Miss Alice Mosley as the Hon. Rose Russell-Portman.—[Photograph by C.N.]

self-possessed. The music-hall audience does not look too deeply into any plot, and is perfectly prepared to enjoy itself so far as it is able without making unnecessary inquiries; and in the present case Miss Sarah Brooke and her supporters are quite satisfactory.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE MOTOR-CAR AS A VEHICLE OF STATE : BRITISH POSTER ARTISTS, LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS ! RACES FOR 1914.

The Car and Dignity.

"Other times, other manners." The Lord Mayor of London has his time-honoured gilt coach; the London County Council Chairman aspires to a motor-landaulette in order that he may be received in a manner befitting the dignity of his office when he drives abroad. In the latter case, however, it is not so much a question of being provided with a motor vehicle as such, but with having a carriage at the public expense. At this time of day the self-propelled nature of the vehicle is inevitable. If a horsed carriage had been voted by the Council they would have had to buy one second-hand, for no new vehicles of the kind are ever built nowadays, the coachmaking industry being given over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the production of automobile bodies. The only thing, in fact, that seems questionable in the proposal is the hiring of a motor-landaulette at £450 a year, as a new one could be bought outright for less than twice that sum, and, even allowing for upkeep, chauffeur's wages, and depreciation, would be a much sounder investment than an outlay on hiring alone, with nothing to show for it at the termination of the contract.

Kings and Cars. The motor-car, by the way, has long since become the accepted vehicle of kingly and presidential rank in every civilised country, with the partial exception of England. King George, good motorist though he is, still uses a horsed carriage on State occasions; but that is not out of deference to the horse itself, but because of the traditional character of the royal coaches, which are of an "architecture" which one would scarcely like to see applied to so beautifully efficient a mechanical product as the up-to-date automobile. The King uses his cars, nevertheless, for any ceremonial visit other than the opening of Parliament, and possibly the gilded coach may ultimately be discarded for that annual function also. As for contemporary monarchs, they are all motorists to a man, and even the aged Emperor of Austria has overcome his one-time prejudice against the newer locomotion. The Tsar of Russia has a special type of chassis built in Paris for his exclusive use; the Kaiser has an electric horn that no one else is allowed to use, so that his approach may be recognised from afar; the King of Spain is, perhaps, the most enthusiastic driver alive; I met the King of Italy outside Rome *en automobile* so far back as 1906; and ex-King Manuel, who returned to England last week with his bride, is a devoted motorist. There is small wonder in the case last named. A few months ago, I drove up the long and winding hill to the Palace of Pena, the King's former home at Cintra, memorable as the place where he spent his last night in Portugal. The ascent

was arduous enough for a car; to a horse it would have been purgatory.

A Chance for Artists.

The Olympia poster has become a by-word, and year by year has merely varied in badness. British automobilists have been put to the blush, while our foreign visitors must either have wept or indulged in ribald laughter at the appalling contrast which our annual *réclame* has presented by comparison with their own. Next year, however, it may be hoped that no further ground for criticism—or shall we say contempt?—will exist. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is offering a prize of one hundred guineas for a suitable poster for the Olympia Show, with the proviso that competing sketches must not embody a representation of any known car, and should be handed in by Feb. 28. The result will be awaited with much interest by all motorists who have any pretensions to artistic taste, especially those who have ever visited the French Salon de l'Automobile and seen what it annually produces in the way of striking placards. It is quite a mistake, however, to suppose that the French are supreme in this class of work where motoring subjects are concerned.

The designs which have been put forward in Italy during the last decade, either as posters or as coloured covers for motoring magazines, have been simply astounding in their vigour and beauty alike.

Three Grands Prix. It is more than a little surprising to find records broken at the fag-end of the year, but Duray's wonderful achievement, at Ostend, of a speed of 230 kilometres, or 142 miles, an hour on a Fiat, and Hornsted's Brooklands performance of an approximate 130 miles an hour, have turned the thoughts of motorists to racing matters at an unwonted period. Three big races have already been arranged for 1914, and, coupled with the revival of the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man, this foreshadows a lively season. The French Grand Prix will be held on a new circuit, in the neighbourhood of the great silk town of Lyons, and has been fixed for July 4. The eligibility of the competing cars is determined by their cylinder-capacity, a maximum of 4500 cubic centimetres having been imposed. Needless to say, it will be the race of the year. Belgium will hold a Grand Prix race on July 26, for cars of the same dimensions as those engaged in the French event.

On the following day a second race will take place for smaller cars, the cubic capacity in this case being limited to 2500 centimetres. Then, again, Italy will not allow itself to be left behind. For Sept. 6 and 7 it announces a Grand Prix race on the Brescia Circuit.



BUILT IN THE CELLAR OF A HOUSE : A MOTOR-BOAT ON THE LAWN OF THE RESIDENCE.

Mr. C. Ludlow Livingston, American Consul at Swansea, builds motor-boats in the cellar of his house, with the aid of his son. A completed boat is here seen on his lawn.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



CROSSING COUNTRY FOR A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE : MR. JARROTT DRIVING THE OXFORD TEAM.

The thirty-fourth annual inter-University cross-country race at Roehampton was won by the Cambridge team; but Mr. G. M. Sproule, of Oxford, who finished first, covering the 7½ miles in 41 min. 55 sec., set up a new record for these contests. The previous best was 41 min. 57 sec. Mr. N. S. Tabor was second. In view of recent discussions, it is interesting to note that both Sproule and Tabor are Rhodes Scholars: the first of them from Australia, the second from the United States.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE thirty opera-glasses that were taken "by mistake" from the Albert Hall are the subject of a special whip from Lady Muriel Paget. The redoubtable "M. P." demands their presence before there is a division—of profits. A pity it were if the charity fund should be the poorer by the enforced payment to

the makers of the missing binoculars. In that case, Lady Muriel must feel that the final closing of the fund will be long delayed. Like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, she may hope to be the recipient of

already seen enough to want to stay in it. The other day, when he declared that the Gaiety was "the best club in London," a friend challenged him with, "How do you know? You've never sat in the House of Commons." "You forget ours is a *mixed* club," answered Lord "Dan" in triumph.

The "Keep-on-Smiling" One.

The idea that everybody is rejoicing with France in the recovery of "La Gioconda" takes too much for granted. So long as the picture was gone, its vast reputation for beauty could be allowed to pass. But now that it is back again there is a murmur among the young rebels who rule the modes in pictures and picture-balls. Botticelli and Bakst are the masters who are in favour from Arlington Street to Belvoir Castle. At the Albert Hall nobody was anxious to impersonate the lost Leonardo, not because she was impossibly beautiful, but because her heavy cheek and complacent smile are more admirable on paper than in reality.

A Girl's Luncheon. No American Embassy is complete without an American daughter, and Miss Page has already established herself in Grosvenor Square. She issued her own invitations for a luncheon-party last week, arranged her own menu, and received her own guests. The custom of occasionally conceding the establishment, the servants, and even the wine-cellars, to a young member of the family is common enough in America; and part of the scheme there is that the elders should disappear for the time being. But an Ambassador and an Ambassador are not so easily sent out to pass the day in a strange town, and Miss Page has had the unusual experience of entertaining a parent along with her other good friends.

The Friendly Gold-Fish. Only a few weeks ago Lord Willoughby de Broke declared that he would neither shake hands with Mr. Winston Churchill nor "dine



THE UNITED STATE AT THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY: MR. AND MRS. F. B. SAYRE (SON-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT WILSON) AS GUESTS OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

Since their arrival in London, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Sayre have been staying with the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page at their house in Grosvenor Square, seeing a few friends quietly and making trips to various places, including Cambridge. The other day they dined with Lord Haldane. After a short visit to Wales they will return to the States, where Mr. Sayre will take up his new appointment at Williams College.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

belated subsidies, and the *Times* to have a fitful acknowledgment of "Conscience Opera-Glasses" for some years to come.

A Courtier. Lord de la Warr, who lives up to his name, has not confined his actions to Courts of Law. He went with gallantry through the Boer War as correspondent of a London evening paper; and as a yachtsman he has often proved that recklessness, rather than discretion, is the better part of valour. Unlucky in more than one department of life, he has to his credit good looks, good friends, and an infinite capacity for taking pains over the development of his properties, which include a great portion of Bexhill, with its adjacent golf-links. An hereditary member of the Tory Party, Lord de la Warr has been a little bit of a rebel against his official leaders. He has voted in the hostile lobby, and marched against them, on occasion, lively columns of the *Times*. Though a Sackville, he writes no verses. The poetical tradition of the family he confides to the safe keeping of his sister, Lady Margaret Sackville.

The Best Club? Lord Dangan lands in New York with unconventional companions—and, better still, unconventional ideas. America is accustomed to visits from the rebellious sons of the old, or middle-aged, nobility; but these are generally either depressed with a load of debts—and therefore are poor company—or anxious to show their independence in speeches and behaviour wilder than Mr. Larkin's. Lord "Dan" is of another sort; he has thrown in his lot with the Gaiety crowd in all seriousness, and he has accepted with enthusiasm its rules and regulations. Whether or not he consolidates his connection with the company by the marriage that is in the air, he has



TAKEN AT MADRAS ABOUT THE TIME OF HER HUSBAND'S FAMOUS SPEECH ON INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA: LADY HARDINGE IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

It was on Nov. 26 that Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, made, at Madras, his famous speech in which he expressed his "deep and burning sympathy" with the Indians in South Africa—a speech which an eminent Indian described as having "transformed indignant and resenting India into a hopeful and trusting country" and "crowned the King-Emperor in every Indian heart." Lady Hardinge, formerly the Hon. Winifred Sturt, is a daughter of the first Lord Arlington. She was married in 1890.

Photograph by Wiele and Klein.

with people who are playing ducks and drakes with the safety of the Empire." Mr. Austen Chamberlain has since broken bread with the First Lord, who has contemplated a shooting trip to Germany with the "gold-fish" Duke of a speech of his.



ON THEIR WAY TO A MEET OF THE GARTH AT WINDSOR: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MAY OF TECK.

Princess Alexander of Teck, who was married in 1904, is a daughter of the late Duke of Albany and sister of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Her daughter, Princess May, was born on January 23, 1906, and her son, Prince Rupert, on August 24, 1907. The family live in Henry III. Tower, Windsor Castle. The kennels of the Garth Foxhounds are at Bracknell, Berkshire.—[Photograph by C.N.]



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Modern Christmas Spirit. A change has come over the Christmas spirit, inasmuch as we no longer connect our great winter festival with the undue consumption of rich food and alcohol, but rather with the giving of presents, the lighting of wax-tapers, the will to give holidays to hard-worked folk. In all the mid-Victorian books the *joie de vivre* consisted in over-eating and drinking and playing practical jokes, and although we occasionally hear of such old-fashioned pranks in country houses, they are not nowadays held in especial esteem or favour. Certainly in these respects we are becoming more civilised. Never, I suppose, has so much money been spent in mid-December on presents as during the last fortnight. It is an amiable trait in human nature that most of us, every Christmas, are obsessed by a desire to bestow gifts on other people, and that everyone undergoes not only much mental perturbation, but considerable physical discomfort, to achieve their desire. Who has not suffered "shopping headache," hunger, thirst, fatigue, and a thousand minor ills, in order to please some diminutive nephew or implacable "in-law"? These efforts should be entered by the Recording Angel, for never do the recipients of gifts guess at the trouble and fatigue which are sometimes taken in order to get some unusual and unique offering. That we go on doing this more and more every year is greatly to our credit. It is easy to purchase an over-fed turkey and place it in a hamper with a bottle of grocer's port; but the care and taste that are employed now in the choosing of presents make a distinct step forward in the amenities of life.

How to Choose Presents. There are several ways of completing

one's Christmas purchases. When driven frantic by too much mental exertion over this momentous affair, there are hot-headed persons who rush through emporiums snatching objects haphazard right and left, followed by anxious assistants, bill in hand. They then dump the assembled objects together, and despatch them, with holly-decked ribbons and cards, to their relations and friends without any regard as to their suitability. Thus Aunt Sophia, who still affects Victorian furniture, may find herself the possessor of a wild, untamed sofa-cushion of Bakst colourings; while bluff Uncle Tom is the recipient of an elaborate manicure-set, and mother-in-law, who dislikes tobacco, is astonished to receive a skittish cigarette-case. In short, you may collect gifts light-heartedly, but some trouble must be taken in the bestowing of them, or the results may be most disconcerting. I have known friendships shattered by the bestowal of some absurdly inappropriate present. It argues a certain moral bluntness, as well as a lack of taste, to give a friend something which he actively dislikes. The choosing of books, above all, is a perilous adventure, and you must know your friend thoroughly before you venture to provide his mental food. That is why, I fancy, the vague, harmless illustrated book is so much

in vogue at this season of the year, and why cheap "classics" are offered in bewildering confusion. The only safe choice is the book which is hallowed by tradition or the volume which means nothing at all. In this respect, works on conchology or birds' nests may achieve, at the mid-winter season, a dazzling popularity.

Pack and Away! An amazing exodus from London and all the ports to the Continent is taking place this week, and the town, after a month or more of turmoil and prosperity, of full theatres and halls, of crowded restaurants and hotels, will relapse, for a short period, into a somewhat austere calm, at least in the district between Chelsea Embankment and Regent's Park. Elsewhere there may be junketing and feasting, lighted trees and Yoricks setting the table in a roar, but everyone who can afford a few days in the country, a sleeping-car to Switzerland or Monte Carlo, or a journey to India or Egypt, is off and away.

And this is all the more singular because London has now become the pleasure-city, the holiday ground of the world. Possibly it is because Britons love their London so, and push its excitements and pleasures to the verge of mania, that they are constrained to leave it at frequent intervals, in order to recruit and come back, like a sailor-man to his love, with increased ardour. And Paris, which "sedulously apes" all English social customs, is beginning to copy the London habit and evade the duties of Christmas and the *Jour de l'An* at home. And just as December 25 finds Paris full of Britons, it will not be surprising—at any rate when the Tunnel is finished—to find London the Christmas holiday place of our French neighbours.

Green Grass. It would seem that our present cult of the garden and growing things has its roots deep down in a primitive humanity. I do not know if prehistoric Man and Woman were fond of flowers, or when they began to cultivate them for purposes of beauty or adornment. Shells or flowers were probably the first ornaments, and you may see them to-day used to make folks "smart" in all the wonderful islands which strew the Pacific Ocean. But a startling statement was made the other



HATS WE DON'T TAKE OFF: MODISH MILLINERY.

On the left is shown an enveloping toque of blue velvet and tulle, with a high aigrette, rising from the centre of the crown. The centre hat is of blue velvet with an irregular border, turned up all round and trimmed with a small pom-pom of feathers at one side. The model on the right is carried out in blue velvet and a surrounding ruche of blue tulle, very high at one side, with a small red silk rose placed under the brim to meet the hair.

day by Miss Alice Werner at a meeting of the Africa Society, to the effect that green grass is a sacred thing to a certain tribe in East Africa, as it is also among the Masai. "Anyone," she said, "who wished to pass through a country where war was going on had only to gather some grass and carry it in his hands, and both sides would allow him to go by in peace." This growing grass is obviously a symbol, and a beautiful one at that. If Europeans, in war-time, could realise so high an ideal, war might be shorn of half its terrors. If the combatants in the recent horrific combats in the Balkans had allowed the unoffending farmers and peasants any such respite, we should not have to shudder at what modern humanity is still capable of. Green grass represents the eternal fairy-tale of spring: it is a symbol of fertility, of hope, of resurrection.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 29.

HOME RAILS.

THE Home Rail Market has been a disappointment: more than once since the early summer we have suggested the purchase of different stocks, but up to the present we can hardly pride ourselves upon this advice. Financial conditions, the appointment of the Royal Commission, and fears of further labour troubles have all disturbed confidence, and dividend possibilities have been practically ignored.

Writing in August, we suggested that the year's gross traffic increase of the Great Central Railway would be about £604,000, and it now seems certain that this figure will be pretty close to the mark. We estimate, on the basis of results achieved during the first half of the year, that rather more than 30 per cent.—say, £185,000—will be retained as net profit. Last year 1½ per cent. was paid on the £2,230,000 4 per cent. 1891 Preference; to pay the additional 2½ per cent. will require £55,750, so there should be about £129,000 available for dividend on the £3,100,000 1894 Preference, which is equivalent to rather more than 4 per cent. We do not, of course, suggest that this rate will be paid upon the latter stock, and, in fact, we do not propose to prophesy on this point at all, but it is certain that the 1891 Preference will receive their full rate. The present quotation of 69-72, therefore, can be taken to include over £3 of accrued interest, and the stock can thus be bought to yield about 5 16s. per cent., which is surely good enough.

Another stock that seems worth attention on dividend prospects is York Deferred. Gross traffics of the Great Northern should show about £380,000 increase. Allowing for working expenses on the basis of last year's figures, and £30,000 for additional interest charges, it does not seem unreasonable to look for a net increase of £98,000. Only £84,000 is required to pay an additional 1 per cent. upon the Deferred and "A" stocks. The directors have always pursued a very conservative course, but it is difficult to see how they can fail to distribute an additional ½ or ¼ per cent. If the latter only is the increase, York Deferred would receive 3 per cent., which would make the yield on the present price very little short of 6 per cent.

It would be easy enough to find further examples of attractive stocks in this market, but these two will suffice to show how difficult it is to believe that a rise in values can be much longer delayed.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It must be admitted that the results of the Egyptian Salt and Soda Company for the last year are rather disappointing, but, of course, the business was carried on under circumstances of rather exceptional difficulty. The dividend, however, is maintained at 6½ per cent., and £E59,800 are carried forward. The directors state that they have acquired the rights of a new process for treating oils, and hope that profits will be materially increased thereby. In spite of the decline in profits, we still regard the shares as a hopeful speculative investment.

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The Press has been remarkably unanimous in expressing its disapproval of the recently issued prospectus of Greater Omnibus Services, Ltd. We expressed our own opinion pretty plainly when the shares were originally offered in July.

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As these notes bear date December 24, we take the opportunity of wishing our readers the compliments of the season, which, being interpreted, meaneth A Very Merry Christmas. May your shadows never grow less!

HISTORICAL.

About six hundred years ago—in 1299, to be exact—a certain Venetian noble, called Marco Polo, was imprisoned in Genoa; and, finding time hang heavily upon his hands, he proceeded to set down the tale of his wanderings in the Far East. He had spent twenty-four years in travelling over India, China, and the East, which were then totally unknown. We thought that the following passage might prove of interest to some of our readers, showing as it does that something was known about Petroleum even in those far-off days.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom called Mosul. . . . On the north it is bounded by the land of the Georgians. On the confines from Georgia there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance—insomuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but 'tis good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil!

From the context, there is little or no doubt that the country referred to is the peninsula of Baku, on the western coasts of the Caspian Sea, which is now one of the largest centres of the world's oil trade.

A NIGHTMARE.

We should never have thought it; but, after all, why not? Selfridge's have got a Christmas Bazaar and a Bargain Basement, so why not the Stock Exchange? Moreover, it is not surprising that, after such a year as 1913 A.D., some special efforts should be made to stir up business. Of course, it is just possible that the following may not be accurate, but, as a correspondent has been kind enough to send it along, we don't like to doubt it—

Stock Exchange Christmas Fair.

Just inside the door stood a group of Spanish Inquisitors, and beside them a mighty heap of coal. Each visitor was seized, hauled over the coals, and deposited upon a strip of carpet! The ordeal was rather terrifying to non-members, and one gentleman of eighty summers was heard to remark that he hadn't expected anything like it for another twenty years! The whole thing was, of course, a little jest arranged by the Committee to advertise Stock Exchange shares and attract new members.

Having surmounted this trouble, however, the visitor was quickly brought back to earth by the following epic poem, which was inscribed in letters of gold upon a purple banner—

Buy Chartered for your children's child,
And Trustee stocks for those who're wild;
For optimists a Mexican;
While for the other sex you can
Buy Diamond shares instead of stones
(They're just as good for raising loans).
Something for all you're sure to find,
We've stock and shares of every kind.

Beneath the banner a ring of men were dancing, shrugging their shoulders, flipping their fingers, and singing a little ditty entitled "If you don't like the Bunny-hug, Come and help us squeeze the Bears." They were the usually sedate (!) dealers in the Consol Market.

Beneath the dome was the native village and its band (comb and paper). One man stopped to listen to the music (*sic*), and in a moment was the centre of an excited crowd. With palms turned upwards, they strove valiantly to sell him something cheap at twice its real value. Vainly he murmured "Je ne pense pas" and "Not 'arf." In the end, he pretended to have dropped sixpence, and escaped in the riot which ensued. The natives were certainly Scotch!

The side-shows were many and various. In nearly every corner were to be found exponents of the noble art of conTango dancing [This joke has whiskers on it.—ED.], but the most interesting, perhaps, of all was that given by several of the Brokers (by permission of the Bishop of Kensington, Louis Meyer, Max Mayer, the *Daily Express*, and Gaby). It consisted of a little sketch entitled "Trying to make Both Ends meet." Most entertaining to watch, but the performers took it very seriously, and one of them declared that failure meant a dismal Christmas—which is quite likely.

Then we had the great Sensation of the day (which the public declared to be the only Frost of the season).

"The Throgmorton Selling Handicap," for a purse subscribed by a grateful Public. Catch-as-catch-can weights, Owners up.

A fair field turned out, and among the favourites were the following—

Premier Pipe (by Depreciation out of Puffs).
Mount Elliot (by High Grade, dam unknown).
Sopa (by Facts out of Faith).
Marconi (by Folly out of Mystery).

The runners passed the post in a bunch, but the race was declared void for bumping and boring, and all the jockeys censured for over-eagerness!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, disguised as Father Christmas, brought the proceedings to an end with a distribution of fruit and vegetables and a short address. The company then dispersed, singing the "Land Song."

N.B.—On reading this a second time we are inclined to think that mince-pies and not our correspondent are really responsible.—ED.

Friday, Dec. 19, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SIGNOR.—(1) We cannot hold out much hope of any early improvement, but the Company is sound. (2) Cut your loss. (3) Quite speculative, but hopeful.

JACK.—If you will send your name and address (which will not be published), and repeat your query, we shall be very pleased to reply.

A. W. S.—Your figures are correct, but your deductions faulty. The dividend will have to be paid upon a largely increased capital.

H. H.—(1) and (2) Would be better sold. (3) You can hold and hope.

S. O. M. T.—We have replied through the post.

N.B.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of readers whose answers are unavoidably held over.

The directors of John Knight, Ltd., have appointed Mr. James Webster, Secretary to the Company for the past ten years, to a seat on the board, and Mr. Edward Newson to succeed him as secretary.


THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Variegated Furs. Shall we, I wonder, emulate the pretty Parisian actresses and wear tinted fox-furs? I do not mean the red and tawny skins of which we see so much, but furs dyed emerald-green or rose-red. They are of the same bizarre character as the green carnation, which had a very short vogue, and they, like it, are rather to attract attention than to cause admiration. Nevertheless, I heard a man raving about the pretty effect of a bright-green fox stole worn with a bright-green velours chiffon dress by a girl with a rose-and-white complexion, cherry lips, and lovely dark, waved hair. The complexion and the lips were probably just as natural as the colour of the fur, but men never notice the source of what arouses their admiration. After all, why should they?

Goggles in a Crush. If we do not alter the style of our hat-trimmings, we shall have to wear goggles, possibly masks, when we attend functions where fashionable women gather together. Ospreys, ostrich-feathers, feathers like brushes—all sorts of things protrude out of the backs and sides of hats, and get right into one's eyes. I was at a big bazaar last week, and my eyes smarted for hours after, although I very diligently sought to protect them. The sky-scraper feathers are found inconvenient by women who use motor-cars, and so they stick their hat-trimmings out behind and at the side. The result is that many of them are just on the eye-line of people who are fairly tall. When the business ends of hat-pins are added to the feather peril, people will have to be top-armoured when they go for a cruise in a crowd.

An English Defect. Why, oh why, is it that when one travels in England, a cup of really good coffee is so very difficult to obtain? In private houses, too, this fault is felt. When, however, one espies one of the new patent "Caffetas" on the table, then there is assurance that the refreshing and delightful drink will be quite all right. It blows a whistle when the lamp is to be extinguished. It is such a simple and elegant little machine, with which a small child can make a perfect cup of coffee. Nothing is required but to put the water and coffee in the Caffeta—it will do all the rest, and whistle for you when it has done it. It is so compact that it is easily carried travelling, and has the advantage of being moderate in price. In nickel-plated or solid copper, a Caffeta for four cups is 15s. 6d.; for six cups, 21s.; for eight cups, 25s.; while those in silver-plate, nickel-plate, or silver, are, of course, proportionately more expensive. They can be bought at many silversmiths and fancy dealers, and are made by L. Wiener, 1a, Fore Street, E.C.

A Marriage of Next Year. I believe Lady Adelaide Spencer was quite determined that she would not be married in 1913, which she regarded as an unlucky year. Was not her father far from well at its commencement, and was not her aunt's (Lady Kenmare's) lovely Irish home, Killarney House,



ENGAGED: MISS CONSTANCE LLOYD AND CAPTAIN A. H. B. FOSTER.

Miss Constance Lloyd is a daughter of the Bishop of Swansea and Mrs. Lloyd, of Cantref, Brecon. Captain Foster, of the King's Own Regiment, is the eldest son of Mr. C. W. Foster, of Glenden, Exmouth.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

burned down during it? Therefore, although it has been shrewdly guessed that she had a workable understanding with the Hon. Sidney Peel, the engagement has been announced only as 1913 is

getting very near its end. Lady Adelaide—or Delia, as her friends call her—is a great favourite, being bright and pretty, and very nice



TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY: MISS CHARLOTTE HALDEMAN AND LIEUTENANT VICTOR MARRYAT.

Miss Haldeman is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Haldeman, of The Rockery Downe, Kent. Lieutenant Marryat, who has retired from the Navy, is the son of the late Rear-Admiral J. H. Marryat, C.B., and Mrs. Sutherland, of Downe Hall, Downe.

Photographs by Swaine.

in nature. For seven years she has been motherless, and for the last two or three she has been the head of her father's establishment.

In September last she acted as hostess during the King and Queen's visit to Althorp. Her little sister, Lady Alexandra Spencer, at whose birth her mother died, is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra. Mr. Peel was a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and is a barrister. He served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War. Viscount Peel, his eldest brother, married the only surviving child of Lord Ashton, who is a multi-millionaire. The brilliant Mrs. Rochfort Maguire is one of his sisters; the other married Mr. C. S. Goldman, M.P. for Penrhyn and Falmouth. Mrs. Goldman, who has the Royal Red Cross, nursed through the South African War; and Mr. Goldman acted as a war-correspondent. I hear that Mr. Sidney Peel and Lady Delia Spencer are to be married early in the New Year.



ENGAGED TO MR. F. H. UNWIN: MISS V. SUTTON.

Miss V. Sutton, daughter of Mrs. Sutton, of Portland Place, W., is engaged to Mr. F. H. Unwin, son of Mr. H. Unwin, of Arle Court, Cheltenham.—[Photograph by Langfier.]

Brilliant and Lasting. In these days when our own feet are so much in evidence, and men's feet have always to be immaculately turned out, it is useful to point out the undeniable excellence of the "Meltonian" boot polishes. Their brilliancy and efficiency are equalled only by their beneficial result on footwear, making it supple and adding to the days of its efficiency. "Lutetian" cream is Meltonian brown paste for brown footwear, and a charmingly useful little present is a compact outfit of black "Meltonian" cream, brown "Lutetian," a good brush, and a

unique Selvyn pad—all in an art-metal case, for 2s. For 1s. a large tube of either polish can be obtained in a neat cardboard case for travelling; this will be much appreciated, for no one who knows "Meltonian" polishes ever travels without them.

The Old Wish. On Christmas Eve may I wish all the readers of these notes a right Merry Christmas. The year has been a chequered one for most people; but, on the whole, not too bad. "Give a dog a bad name"—and thirteen has a very bad one—and we all know the result. It has had its bad places, our 1913, but nothing so appalling as the *Titanic* disaster of 1912. As to the pessimists who say England is going to the "damnation bow-wows," and British men are decadent, they need a tour round British Homes to-morrow; this would rub up their bright side. British men show their heroism every day, and British women, too. There is no fear of decadence. Things are a little topsy-turvy, and law and order a bit at a discount. However, most nations have temporary aberrations; ours, let us hope, will soon be over.

Artistic furniture always makes a welcome gift, and those seeking presents of this description cannot do better than pay a visit to the show-rooms of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, W., where they will find many striking examples of designs belonging to the earlier periods now so much in vogue. This firm makes a special feature of reproduction of Elizabethan and Jacobean models. Every article bears the stamp of first-class workmanship and finish, and is very difficult to distinguish from a real antique. They have a very large and assorted stock from which a selection can be made.

SHOOTING NOTES.

I WAS shooting the other day in a great fox-hunting country, where the fortunate residents are in touch with three packs, and, considering the nature of the coverts, the sport was poor in measure, though excellent in quality. I congratulated the keeper on the skill with which he had taken advantage of the ground to send his few birds quite high over the guns, and he told me that foxes have caused the bag to dwindle. The shoot is a small one—less than a thousand acres in all, with half-a-dozen small woods—and about two hundred pheasants are reared, while every effort is made to encourage wild birds. But foxes are too much for the keeper, who is no longer a young man, and has only a lad to assist him. These two find wild birds sitting one day, and a few days later there are a few feathers and some cold eggs; while when the hand-reared birds are taken to the woods, and before they can perch out of reach of their foes, there is a further loss. The owner of the shoot is getting on in years, and tells me he is thinking of accepting a very good offer from a syndicate of wealthy manufacturers in a Midland town. They sent an expert to look at the property, and he believes that it will carry a thousand to twelve hundred head of pheasants without overcrowding. In all probability he is right, and the offer shortly to be made by his principals will be accepted. What will the result be?

In the first place, while the old keeper will remain in charge, two fresh men will be brought to serve under him. The wild pheasants that can conceal their nests from vigilant eyes will rear as much of their brood as they are able to—it is never a large proportion—with little molestation. Birds transferred from the breeding-ground to the woods will not be molested, and the sport will be of a kind that the place has never known. But there will be many other developments of a less pleasant kind. When the spring comes and the



PENCIL AND CALENDAR IN ONE : A DROP-ACTION GOLD PENCIL-CASE.

Messrs. J. C. Vickery.

vixens fill their chosen earths with cubs, it is safe to say that those cubs will not remain for long in the country of their birth. They will not, perhaps, be destroyed, but will be taken away to some distant shire where the demand is less than the supply. Raiding vixens may go unchallenged, but they are more likely to pick up rabbit, rat, or chicken that has been treated with some nasty chemist's stuff calculated to have an unhappy effect upon vixens.

When another autumn comes round, the hunt will no longer be free to draw the covers. They will be closed until the guns have been round, and while the M.F.H. will regret that a syndicate is a thing without body to be kicked or soul to be condemned, the shooting-men will vow that fox-hunters want the whole earth. In a few seasons it may be that the hounds will no longer touch those covers, and that the ugly charge of vulpicide will be made freely.

Like charity, a shooting syndicate covers a multitude of sins. Nobody is responsible to other interests, but a multitude of interests are responsible to the syndicate. The keepers know that their engagement depends upon their skill in defending the "sacred bird" from all manner of foes, real and imaginary, so they range the woods and shoot, with a fine lack of discrimination, everything that may or may not come between their employers and a big bag. If one of the syndicate, in the course of a surprise visit, expresses a pious hope that he and his friends will not see too many foxes, the hint is safe to be taken. Perhaps, when he sees the birds feeding in the rides, he may also hope that something will be done to reduce the number of rats that feed side by side with them, quite oblivious of the fact that the rats' worst natural enemies are hanging in various stages of corruption and decay in the keeper's "larder." The syndicate will prefer to waste a few pounds in superfluous corn rather than risk the lives of a few birds by leaving owls, hawks, and weasels in peace: of the pace at which the rat breeds syndicates know little and care less.

I do not think the shooting will be better—indeed, I think it will deteriorate. There will be far more birds, but they will be merely pushed over the guns—syndicates, as a rule, are out for blood. The few high-fliers that are worth so much, even if missed, will tend to disappear, and in the place of them will come low, lazy, nervous birds in flocks. Busy keepers will have seen to it that few wild birds are overlooked in the spring. The bulk of the eggs will be picked up and transferred to domestic hens, and the close investigation of farmers' hedgerows and spinneys will perhaps be made tactlessly, in which case the syndicate will be enabled to travel a little further along the road of unpopularity. Then, too, there will be the ever-fruitful problem of ground game, for the syndicate will expect to have a day or two at the rabbits, and will have scant sympathy with farmers who concern themselves overmuch with the provisions of the Ground Game Act. In short, I am a little pessimistic about the prospects of a shoot which, if nowhere near the front rank, has held many and pleasant possibilities, and I fear that what is about to happen there has happened, is happening, or will happen shortly, in all directions.

B.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

For Everybody's Pleasure.

There are many delightful novelties in all the departments of Waring and Gillow's palatial establishment in Oxford Street. Their Silver Book, which will be sent free on application, illustrates many of these, and gives some interesting information about silver marks and the process of plating. Dainty tea and coffee sets, ranging in price from £1 10s., in rich shades of china, make charming presents. There are pneumatic manicure-tables, and spirit and tea tables, always acceptable in a home. In Waring's reproductions of old Sheffield plate tea-trays, tea-urns, soup-tureens, and candelabra, as well as smaller things, many beautiful gifts at quite small cost can be acquired. A neat manicure-case for a traveller, at 19s. 6d., is a good, useful present. Reproductions of old Staffordshire figures are very good and make presents quite out of the usual line.

To Look Well and Wear Well.

There is nothing like a Britannic bracelet. They are so reliable that everyone who has one recommends it enthusiastically. They are fitted with watches or not, as desired, and they expand and contract quite easily, and are so strong that the springs have been opened and shut over 100,000 times by machinery without injury to them. They are guaranteed for five years, and can be entirely renewed at any time after that for 5s. A 9-carat bracelet with a 9-carat lever watch can be had for £4 10s. Any bracelet can be fitted to any watch as required. There are many designs, but it is always necessary to see that the word "Britannic" is inside. They are either gold, gold and platinum, gold set with diamonds or with pearls, or platinum set with diamonds on watch and bracelet. They are very beautiful and most useful presents, and can be bought at any high-class jeweller's.

A Lovely Present Costs Nothing.

If one has friends who are smokers—the singular thing is to have any who are not—a splendid offer is available from Messrs. Bartlett and Bickley, 17, Brooke Street, Bond Street, W. It is to give a silver cigarette-case, by Mappin and Webb—the name being its very sufficient guarantee of excellence and beauty—with first orders for a thousand Imperial Service cigarettes. Ladies like them as well as men; they are Turkish, and of exquisite quality; they are mild, yet delightful in character. Soldiers and sailors like them, and officers give them to their lady friends, and have so introduced them to a large circle of admirers. Now that Christmas is at hand, a present of a thousand of these delicious soothers, with a solid silver Mappin and Webb cigarette-case, is a gift to win the gratitude of any man or woman.

Up-to-Date Presents.

There is a fund of pleasure for present-seekers at J. C. Vickery's, 179-183, Regent Street. The firm have a great reputation of being in the very van of the vogue in jewellery and neat little personal possessions, and each year they seem to add to a reputation already great. A very pretty velvet neck-band with diamond-and-pearl and platinum slides is really handsome and most becoming, and costs only £12 15s. Quite new, very pretty and useful, is a drop-action gold pencil-case, with a cedar pencil, having on the case an enamelled calendar. This costs five guineas, or, without the month-space, £3 5s. For a lady, nothing could be a more dainty gift than an opal, enamel, and silver-gilt étui for hand-bag or work-box, containing a silver thimble and spool with cottons; the price is only £1 15s. A very charming and very useful present is a reproduction of an Elizabethan figure used as a muffineer or pepper-grinder. In silver-gilt, as a muffineer, the price is two guineas;



WITH DIAMOND, PEARL, AND PLATINUM SLIDES : A PRETTY VELVET NECK-BAND.

Messrs. J. C. Vickery.

as a pepper-grinder, it costs three guineas. The list, "Original and Useful Gifts," is full of suggestions and well worth writing for.

Smokables as Presents

Those at a loss what to give their friends for Christmas, when the prospective recipient is a smoker, could not do better than to consult the Bewlay Book—that is, the catalogue of those well-known tobacconists, Messrs. Bewlay and Co., of 49, Strand, W.C., and nine other London addresses. The booklet contains particulars of all that is most desirable in the various forms of incense burned to My Lady Nicotine, and the vessels employed in her worship. There are many advantages in giving smokables as presents. They minister to a luxury and not a necessity; they require constant replenishment, so that duplication is not a thing to be feared; and, bought at an establishment like Bewlay's, they are sure to be good.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 2.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. George Graves; London Ground Landlords; Fashions by Miss Iris Tree; Pottery People; Film Feats; "Hello! World, 1914, please!"; Miss Grace La Rue; Wedgwoods which Live and Move; Keep This as a Warning; Porcelain which Lives and Moves; Babies in Maski-Moops.

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Also in handsome velvet
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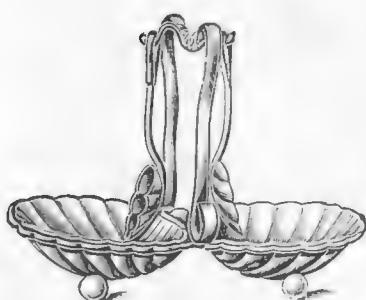
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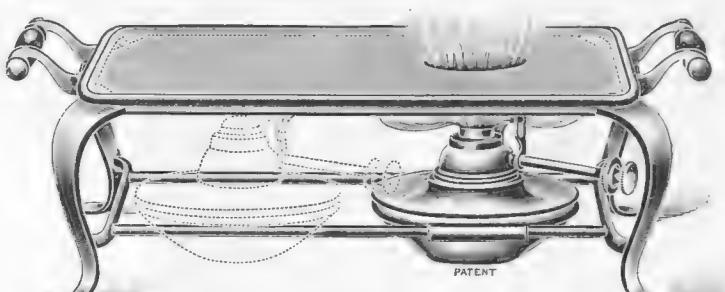
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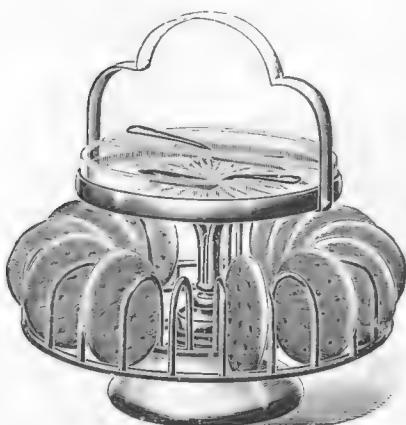


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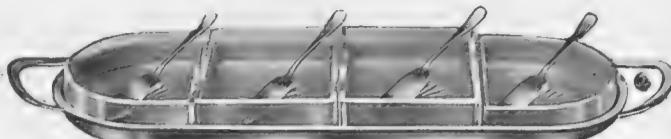


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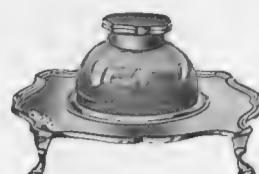
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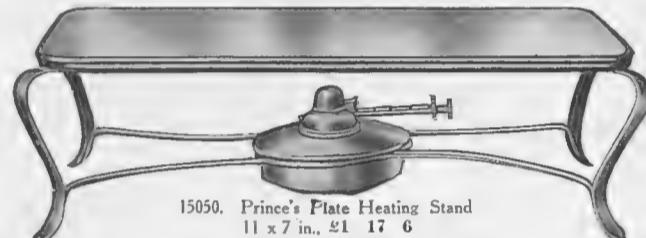
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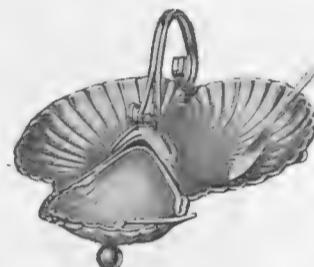
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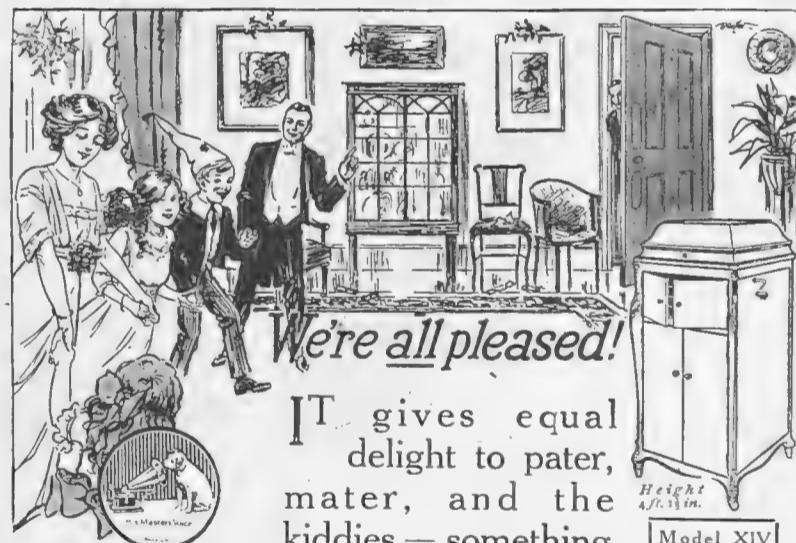
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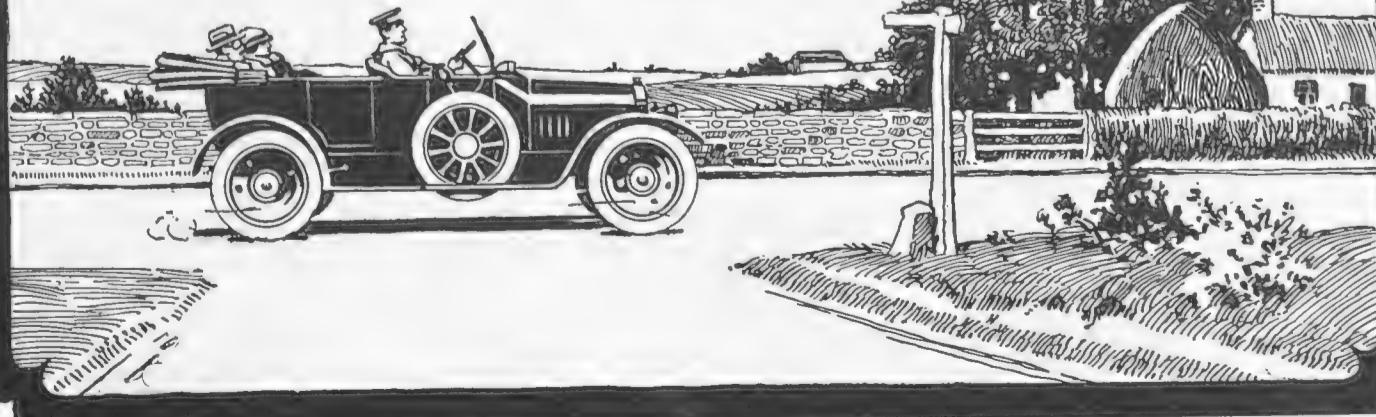
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Fred B.

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"The Victims."

BY GEORGE WILLOUGHBY.

(Heinemann.)

A rather gruesome set of people trail through the meshes of this story. They mostly inhabit inferior studios Chelsea way. Their work is indifferent, and their ways worse. It is not easy to see who were the victims of what, except in the general sense that we are all victims of our instincts and our temperament. The tale suffers from unpleasant exaggeration more than once. "Matey" is a figure of unrelieved and grotesque squalor. If life suffered her, no author should. Is it possible to see her taking the gollywogs down from the mantelpiece (they were the sole occupants of the flat besides herself and a stolen cat), and kissing them in the presence of Ralph and Bianca? Or burrowing on the bed sofa among the canvases for her Kaffir baby, growing frenzied till she found it, and putting it up, when dusted, with the gollywogs? With a cadaverous yellow face—this is Matey, not the gollywog—in which were set two bulging gold eyes, and eyeing Henderson with such amorous intensity that he shivered. Matey is a monstrous creation, and one to be resented. Futile love-affairs of the studios absorb most of the book. Nothing remarkable or new, but told with a naïveté that is now touching, and then ridiculous. It might be some young enthusiast writing who, having devoured Dostoevsky and Strindberg, thought to realise their poignancy of emotion by an artless attempt at their significant simplicity. There are also a crudeness of analysis and a delight in the intimate portraiture of studio or street or restaurant which announce youth. But good work has gone to its making, and work of promise.

"Simple Simon." Mr. Neil Lyons' books have not so far been reviewed on this page. Let the whole truth be told in the confession that "Simple Simon"

BY A. NEIL LYONS.

(The Bodley Head.)

is the first example of his art that has met the eye of this reviewer. Echoes of his fame had not been wanting, however, and following up the last glimpse of Simon's career, there may be read a lengthy list of opinions from a Press that has exhausted itself in superlatives. "Mr. Neil Lyons is the supreme English humourist; hovering between laughter and tears, his humour embraces the subtlest of beauty and the deepest of pathos—it is sharp and shrewd, rich though acrid"; "life translated into words as the great painters translated flesh and blood into colour"; "pure, fast, sheer life" (P.M.G. this); "he is dainty, he is dexterous"; "its

consummate artistry"; "its spiritual beauty, a great book"—and so on. Who shall say this is an ungenerous age? And now for the consideration of "Simple Simon" in the modest, humdrum way of *The Sketch* with New Novels. Judging by this instance, Mr. Lyons is less a humourist than an advocate; he uses humour with his reader as a counsel with a judge, his eye is continually upon those twelve good men and true who sit for Public Opinion. Neither our laughter nor our tears does he seek, except as means to his end; he pleads a sacred cause: the cause of the Poor. For the poor he becomes an anarchist, jumping on class limitations and prejudice; while he looks just funny and ingenious, he is breaking, burning, and destroying every pious maxim we have ever learned outside the Sermon on the Mount. His hero, made to question man's sophistries with the naïve directness of a child, and the odd group that shuffles about him, are too fantastic by several shades for the great emotions. They exist as the persons of Swift's immortal satire. They point and adorn in the best traditions of that great branch of art, for, however ruthless Mr. Lyons may be socially, his art is a scholarly affair. He is more up against individual stupidity and greed than against established institutions. The Poor Law is a fine instrument, he thinks, abominably handled; and Simon's history is chiefly that of *Guardian* in an East End borough. With a great Society which he calls the P.I.C.—Poverty Investigation Committee, Mr. Lyons is unsparing. He is angry with the spirit and the age which has produced it. The God of England and Israel informs it: "hardening people's hearts and then giving them ten plagues because their hearts are hard." Bishops and baronets belong to this P.I.C., a Society of sustained and earnest effort for "promoting destitution among the wicked." These are searching darts. There is much to be said on the side of the bishops and baronets, but there is an opening in that of Mr. Lyons. He takes it finely in the vein of a good craftsman. Sometimes he is disposed to a needless defiance. His readers will refuse to be shocked at the cheer which arose when the wet nurse commenced her duties for the deserted baby, even though a chapter is devoted to their supposed feelings. When Mr. Lyons forgets to be scornful and tells some doing of an immemorial humanity he rises to lyric heights. There is a touch as tender as Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" in the incident of the macintosh upon the hillside under the stars. However sacred the cause, it is as difficult to serve it and beauty as to serve God and Mammon. With that one lovely episode in mind it is difficult not to regret the artist is the advocate.

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